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THE ARCHDUKE RUDOLPH'S DEATH.

THE universal and genuine sympathy which has been aroused throughout Europe by the melancholy death of the Austrian CROWN PRINCE is creditable to public feeling at a time when public feeling has not always been thought to be in the healthiest state. There is no cheaper or more disgusting form of snobbery than the cant, too common nowadays, of superiority to concern in the affairs of "monarchs"—unless it be, indeed, the other cant, commonly allied with it, of transferring this concern to "really great and good men." In nearly all cases this latter feeling is as much a matter of fashion and convention as the sentiment of the devotees of Court Calendars, with the additional drawback that, in two cases out of three, the sympathizer probably does not in the least comprehend the greatness or the goodness of the persons he mourns. Sympathy with the disaster of families called royal rests, on the other hand, on a perfectly natural and genuine feeling. The king is the nation personified; his sons and his daughters are, according to the graceful old French phrase, sons and daughters, not of an individual, but of the country. Even the humblest feel dimly something of this connexion with the fortunes and the fate of the whole people; the keenest and the most elaborately-trained intelligence, if it is not flawed by innate or acquired vulgarity, feels all the more acutely the appeal to the immemorial continuity of human interests and human history which is made by such a disaster as this to a HAPSBURG, a BOURBON, or a HOHENZOLLERN.

It would hardly be decent, in the freshness of the misfortune, to discuss political consequences, which, after all, may not happen. The Pragmatic Sanction and the devolution of the Austro-Hungarian Empire may be allowed to rest till Prince RUDOLPH himself is at rest in his grave. Meanwhile there is, luckily, no reason why personal sympathy should not accompany that more general, but by no means less sincere, feeling which has been referred to above. The ARCHDUKE enjoyed great personal popularity, and personal endowments hardly requiring the use of that conventional magnifying-glass which makes almost all princes able, and would fain achieve the even more difficult task of making all princesses fair. His love of sport—partly inherited, no doubt, from his mother (of all European princesses the best able to dispense with the magnifying-glass just mentioned)—was perhaps his best known characteristic. It was, however, not a love of the somewhat debased form of sport which has been popular in many European countries of late years, but a real passion for the chase of the old kind, where the elements of danger encountered and skill displayed counted for more than the mere making of bags. He combined with it, too, a considerable fondness and some aptitude for literature, as well as the commoner Royal accomplishment of no small linguistic knack. Of the sadder rumours which have gathered round his death, it is only necessary to say that it matters little how his end was caused, and does not matter at all to the public. He had been believed to suffer from the touch of melancholia which is so frequently found in houses of long descent, and which has been prominent at different times in both the illustrious families to which he owed his origin. This may be thought to have accounted in some degree for his special enjoyment of the distractions of sport and travel, and like "strong delights." Whatever may be the result, politicians no less than sentimentalists must hope that nothing will injure the prosperity of the House of LORRAINE-HAPSBURG—a House inferior to none in Europe for the interest of its brilliant and chequered fortunes or for the great qualities of the sovereigns it has produced. For a time, not long ago, the special butt of fanatics and of pedants, the House of Austria has, in the

person of its present representative, set a rarely matched and never exceeded example of just and wise government in difficult circumstances. And there is no reigning House in Europe, after that of his own country, to which an intelligent Englishman ought to be a more sincere and ardent well-wisher.

THE REVOLVER.

DURING the preliminary examination of the prisoners charged with committing burglary at Muswell Hill, Mr. BODKIN, the Chairman of the Magistrates, made use of a remark which suggests reflections. Mr. BODKIN may not be wise himself: but we trust that he may be the cause why wisdom is in other men. The prosecution in the Muswell Hill case wanted to prove that one of the men in the dock had been seen some short time before the commission of the offence with a revolver in his hand. "But," said Mr. BODKIN, plaintively, "thousands of persons carry revolvers." Mr. BODKIN is right. It is only too true. Now there are places and occasions to which revolvers are suitable, or even necessary. In Texas, or even in Ireland, they may be regarded as ordinary articles of apparel. If, however, they are scattered abroad among the fools of the people in London, as the police reports are perpetually reminding us that they are, mischief must follow, as, in fact, it often does. If a nervous citizen inhabiting a suburban villa, especially in the neighbourhood of Muswell Hill, chooses to keep a revolver in his bedroom, no one except his wife and the servant who calls him has the right to object. No man knows, perhaps no person ever will know, whether sleep with a revolver is better than sleep without. But Mr. BODKIN was not referring to bedrooms or to nervous citizens. He lays it down, as a sort of judicial or magisterial dictum, that it is no more singular to be seen with a revolver than to be seen with a hat. "When I meet a young Whig," said SYDNEY SMITH, "I do not ask whether he is a Commissioner, but into what department of human life it is his business to inquire." Mr. BODKIN, as we understand him, would not ask whether a man carried a revolver, but what particular type of this latter weapon happened to be his private fancy. To argue with Mr. BODKIN would probably be waste of ink. But lest other SHALLOWS and SILENCES should be tempted to follow his example, we may venture to observe that the humblest administrator of justice ought not to acquiesce in the supposed universality of a dangerous and barbarous practice. It is really extraordinary, not that there are so many fatal "accidents" from the promiscuous use of firearms, but that there are so few. When we consider that one revolver may kill half-a-dozen people in the same number of seconds, that anybody can buy one for a small sum without a certificate of competence, that the progress of mechanical invention tends to quick and easy firing, that most Englishmen are not trained to shoot, and that loaded revolvers are frequently in the possession of drunkards, we might expect a daily tale of slaughter which would reach in a few weeks the proportions of a battle-field. There must be a special Providence watching, not only over drunken men, but over the victims of that numerous and self-assertive class.

Mr. CHARLES G. GUTHRIE, for instance, who has "no occupation" except drinking and brandishing revolvers to excess, might have committed several murders without interruption on Monday last. Mr. GUTHRIE's pursuits are not interesting in themselves. But his doings may be briefly summarized, with the sole object of illustrating what the liberty of unlicensed shooting means. At one o'clock in the morning this gentleman hailed a cab in Piccadilly, got into it with a "lady," and asked to be driven to Winsley

Street. In Regent Street he turned the "lady" out of the cab, which was perhaps as well for her, and said he would go to HAXELL's Hotel. What followed was graphically described at Marlborough Street Police-court by the cabman who had the honour of driving this pleasant and companionable person:—"Just by the National Gallery the prisoner knocked at the trap, and, on my opening it, my nose came in contact with the muzzle of a revolver. The gentleman said, 'Would you mind my having a shot at you with my revolver?' I thereupon pulled up, and the gentleman remarked, 'It's all right, cabman.' I replied, 'It's not all right'; but, as the gentleman put his revolver down, and said, 'Go on,' I drove along, taking the precaution to keep the trap open so as I could watch my fare." At HAXELL's Mr. GUTHRIE was not received, nor at two other houses of entertainment. At last he found a more hospitable, or a less discreet, establishment, and there it "transpired" that he could not pay, and then he threatened to shoot the first man who came near him. So the police, who are not allowed the privilege of carrying revolvers like Mr. CHARLES GUTHRIE, were sent for, and after a desperate struggle Mr. GUTHRIE was conveyed to the station. At Marlborough Street Mr. HANNAY fined him 15*l.*, which is a cheap price for coming so exceedingly near the gallows. Mr. HANNAY was apparently unable to inflict the penalty of imprisonment without the option of a fine, as he clearly should have done if he could. But he said, in gratifying contrast with Mr. BODKIN, "he was surprised that the carrying of loaded firearms without good and sufficient reason had not before now been made a penal offence." Why cannot the HOME SECRETARY take this matter up? Mr. MATTHEWS has not been so brilliantly successful in office that he can afford to rest upon his laurels. Here is an admirable opportunity for distinguishing himself. He would receive the support of all parties, for nobody wishes to be shot without warning by a drunken blackguard or a clumsy experimentalist. The sale of revolvers requires regulation at least as much as the sale of poisons. There has been no difficulty in the former case, and there would be none in the latter, if only Governments and Parliaments could sometimes cease from the manufacture of political capital, and condescend to provide for the protection of society.

GENERAL BOULANGER IN PORT.

WE should do General BOULANGER a very poor compliment in supposing that he was not really somewhat surprised by the extent of his victory last Sunday. He had, no doubt, repeatedly asserted, to everybody who was disposed to listen to him, that he fully expected to win by a crushing majority. But General BOULANGER, as his enemies have now discovered, is a very clever man. He knows his countrymen, and is well aware that more than any people in the world they are liable to be run away with by enthusiasm for the strong self-confident man, who has a star, and believes in it. He knew the game he had to play, and played it. If he won, his former avowed confidence would be so much in his favour. If he lost, it could do him no harm, on the general principle which Bulgaria has contributed to the wisdom of nations—that a shower cannot hurt him who is wet to the skin. He would be already as badly off as he could be, and a little more would do him no damage. No doubt, as he is a clever man, and is surrounded by clever men, he did not run the risk of standing for the Seine blindly. Some good ground he had beyond question for believing that success was possible. Still, neither he nor anybody else could have foreseen the extent of his success. A bare victory was considered as possible by most cool-headed observers. The depth and extent of the movement in his favour has gone greatly beyond expectation. His popularity in the provinces had been proved, and it is now clear that a practical majority of Parisians are equally prepared to support him. It is plain that he will now profit to the full by the faults of his enemies. The Royalists and Moderate Republicans, who might have defeated him on Sunday, would not vote for the candidate chosen to oppose him by M. FLOQUET. Their detestation of the Radicals is too intense. At the same time, it is certain that they will not act together, and that the voters who followed M. JACQUES will help neither of them. General BOULANGER will, therefore, have all the advantages of the leader who has a compact force in the presence of a divided enemy.

What the ultimate position of the General will be it would be futile to guess. For the present he is not only the greatest, he is the only real power in France. Many of those who will not actively help him will not effectually oppose. He can afford to disregard the sneers and contempt of those who will not fight him. His really active opponents, the "Parliamentary Republicans," he has soundly beaten. To be sure, they have put the weapons in his hands. Never was a candidate for power opposed by more feeble enemies—or more unwise. The history of the Chamber of Deputies since its election has been filled by the intrigues of the Radicals for power. Though a minority in the Chamber and in the country, they have gained the upper hand by unscrupulous wirepulling. By alliances with the Conservatives they have upset every Cabinet not formed of their own men. In this they have been helped by the folly of the Moderates and Opportunists, who have always preferred submission to the dictation of the Radicals to an alliance with the Conservatives. The intriguers have unscrupulously used their power, for purposes of obstruction and destruction. Never was the business of government in France worse done or its finances worse managed. It is notorious that within the last few years the Treasury has been driven to fall back on some of the most fatal expedients of the old régime. In the meantime the Radicals have been carrying on their bigoted attacks on the clergy, and have offended hundreds of thousands of Frenchmen who are by no means "clerical" by expelling the Sisters of Charity from the hospitals, and the religious teachers from the schools. The Chamber has been discredited by suspicions of jobbery. Feebleness, rancour, vulgarity, have distinguished it from first to last. That there has finally been a violent reaction is not to be wondered at. If the General has profited by the movement, that also is not astounding. There was nobody else to take advantage of it. He will now profit still further. Newspaper Correspondents observe with amazement that thousands of Frenchmen who were wavering a few weeks ago are now firm Boulangerists. It is precisely what we should have expected to happen. All nations are liable to *Schwärmerei* in troublous times, and the French more than others. They are apt to run after the strong man or the man whom they believe to be strong. In the present case they have every excuse for doing so. With such a choice as they have before them, it is the wisest thing they can do. General BOULANGER has given no proofs of statesmanship that we know of, but at least he has a negative and a positive claim to be thought a ruler. He has not shown himself incapable, and he has given proof of a quite exceptional faculty for getting himself elected, which after all is the great test required from your candidate for power in Parliamentary times and countries. On the other hand are men who have shown either the most abject unfitness for office, or a total incapacity for getting themselves elected. Between the two, what course is open to the Frenchman who wishes to see his country governed more or less tolerably? If he decides to follow the man who has not as yet given convincing proofs of incompetence, we do not see how he is to be blamed—except, of course, by the "Parliamentary pedant."

When the PRINCE CONSORT excited the clamour of fools by declaring that the Crimean War had put Parliamentary government on its trial, some of the spokesmen of that ancient and honourable body (we mean the fools) thought they had made a great point by asking, in a superior way, Who would be judge, and who executioner? If any of these superior persons are alive now, they may possibly have discovered that judges and executioners can be found for Parliaments. We say "possibly," because there are manifestly many persons into whose heads you cannot drive the simple truth that Parliaments, like other governments, have a right to exist as long as they are able, and willing, to govern strongly and well, and no longer. That M. FLOQUET and his following should be obtuse on this point is a matter of course. It is a part of their general pretentious imbecility. Any one who is surprised by hearing them talk of the Divine right of the exact kind of Republic which keeps them in office, and clamour for laws against plebiscitary movements, or new Press laws, must be curiously ignorant of history. This is always how the Rump talks. Their panic-stricken flurry is pitiable, but not surprising. What could be expected of them when a constituency, which they rightly enough consider as representative of the country, lets them understand in the

most unmistakable manner that the country wishes first of all to be rid of them? Naturally they flounder wildly. These days will show whether they intend to cling desperately to office in the hope that, by "gerrymandering," or by the use of the final resource of RABAGAS, they can stave off the day of expulsion. It is pretty to see these toadies of universal suffrage discover the advantages of cannon. But the discovery must needs be futile. The stream is too strong against them. The vote of confidence given to the Ministry on Thursday does not alter the situation in the least. It only proves that Radical bullies and Moderate sneaks still form a majority of the Chamber. That we knew; but it is of no consequence. The Chamber may wait, and will wait as long as it can before obeying, at the risk of provoking one of the explosions for which Paris is always ready. Already the town is said to have an insurrectionary air, and it is ominous that the police are beginning to show sympathy with the Boulangists, while no man can be sure. But the deputies of the majority will probably be wise in time. Universal Suffrage is king, as they have said *ad nauseam* themselves. His Majesty is tired of them, and they will either go quietly or their liveries will be pulled over their ears. If they answer that His Majesty is a foolish many-headed monarch, who does not know how to choose his servants, we shall not dissent. We have been sure of it this many a day—even before they wriggled into their places by flattering the monarch who is now packing them off.

IRELAND.

THE adventures of Mr. O'BRIEN between his elopement at Carrick and his arrest at Manchester can hardly fail to have at least one effect. Mr. GLADSTONE will surely take advantage of them to parallel his testimony to the singular humanity of the Irish people by eulogizing the dignity and seriousness of their political manners. It is amusing to notice that even some Gladstonian papers were a little disturbed at the kind of pothouse travesty of the Young Chevalier's escape which Mr. O'BRIEN played to the Irish gallery. Miss O'NEILL of the "bakery premises" (to speak of "a baker's shop" would be beneath the countrymen of him who described the "small cornuted animal") seems to have been rather like the maiden in "Excelsior!" and ought to be immortalized in song like her. But what the whole silly comedy was meant for or played for it is not so easy to perceive. Perhaps Mr. O'BRIEN hoped for a riot in Manchester, and for more "Manchester martyrs," in which case he was signally disappointed. The police of that businesslike town know their business, and after a last indulgence in rant, which it might have been cruel to refuse him, Mr. O'BRIEN ignominiously underwent the same fate which he might have undergone with such dignity as his antecedents have left him several days ago. Apparently the Mayor of MANCHESTER has a singular taste in guests; but that matters little. It is edifying to find those of Mr. O'BRIEN's Gladstonian admirers who are still faithful to him exclaiming at Mr. BALFOUR for "playing" a scandalous parody of justice. There surely must be some mistake in the name.

Mr. O'BRIEN, therefore, will get his deserts, or such a small part of them as modern sentimentality allows to be meted to public nuisances of his kind. He has, it seems, already recommenced the puerile farce of struggling with warders, like a drunken drab, and of screaming and fretting himself into "delicate health"; but this is not likely to avail much. Equally vain has been the scarcely less absurd farce that was played about the clumsiness of the Irish constable who served a legal document on Mr. SHEEHY in the precincts where, almost more than in those of the High Court of Justice itself, the law ought to be respected. Unlike Mr. O'BRIEN and his friends, the present head of the Irish Executive does not talk, but acts. There is fortunately, also, every reason to believe that the axe is also doing good work at the root of the Upas-tree (far more fatal than that fancied one of "Protestant ascendancy") of temptation to tenants' dishonesty. Perhaps, both in its merits and its faults, no more valuable contribution to the whole subject has ever been made than Mr. T. W. RUSSELL's letter to the *Times* about the CLANRICARDE estate. Mr. RUSSELL's intense wrath with Lord CLANRICARDE himself, with its suggestion that Lord CLANRICARDE shall be bought

out, is slightly ludicrous; but it is a guarantee, rather awkward for Gladstonians, of the justice of such of his statements as are favourable to this wicked Lord. Indeed, though it is more forcibly put, there is little in the letter which is not contained (of course skilfully wrapped up) in the writings of such a partisan of the Leaguers as Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE. It may be taken as undeniable, and by all but the most reckless and shameless of Gladstonians undenied, that Lord CLANRICARDE's rents were rather low than high, and that the ability of his tenants to pay them was rather above than below the average. He may be, and with great frankness seems to acknowledge himself to be, a disagreeable person; but the eviction or buying out of disagreeable persons from their several professions and possessions would be a very large business for the State to undertake, and a very dangerous one for it to countenance on the part of private individuals. As the immortal Lord Mayor observed, we rather think that there are several disagreeable men about. It has been often confessed by his friends and his foes alike that Lord CLANRICARDE is a godsend to the Leaguers because of his disagreeable qualities and his singular frankness in the display of them. But it has been conclusively proved that, in the only matter which is really germane to the question—the proportion of his rents to the value of the holdings and the means of the tenants—there is no case against him. And there are, unluckily, plenty of landlords in Ireland who do not find themselves any better off for having subscribed largely, buried their parents sumptuously, kept up their houses in apple-pie order, and discharged all voluntary burdens in the most liberal manner.

FANTASTIC FORTIFICATION.

ENGLAND is not the only country with a totally unprotected seaboard which would like to find a safe and cheap method of coast defence. In America, too, patriotic science has hit on a plan which may be excellent if it answers, and which at all events is ingenious and picturesque. Whether M. JULES VERNE suggested the scheme we know not, but the plan is worthy of him. It is to conduct petroleum in a series of pipes under Philadelphia Harbour. When the petroleum is laid on, and the doomed foe, say the Greek fleet, approaches, a tap is to be turned, the petroleum is to well upwards, like the sweet waters of Arethusa through the Sicilian brine, and is to burst out in an appalling conflagration under the hostile vessels. It is averred that several millions of dollars have been subscribed, or are ready to be subscribed, towards this method of casting oil on the waters. To "strike ile" will in future be synonymous with naval disaster, not with commercial success.

The feasibility of this plan we prefer to leave to the science of engineering and to the future. It can only be applied where plenty of petroleum is handy, and perhaps only Philadelphia, with blazings from her native ile, can fire the foe above. The scheme, like the Channel Tunnel, would have its objections if the machinery got into the wrong hands, and if all the shipping in the harbour were burned in time of profound peace—say, during a tramway strike. It is also not impossible that the doomed foe might steam out of the way when it saw the sea on fire. These are practical considerations which have probably been thought of by the local engineers. A few other cheap, safe, and simple plans may be suggested. Why not revive SINDBAD's magnetic mountain in a scientific way, and surround the harbour with magnets so strong that they will draw ironclads on shore, or draw all the nails out? Or, by simply reversing the magnetic current, why not push all unfriendly ironclads away to a proper distance? Not even a Quaker could object to this dignified, yet harmless, treatment. A strange sight it will be, the navy thrust forth without a shot fired, and by an unseen but overwhelming force, into the open main! Or the celebrated Philadelphian New Motor, which produces immense energy by playing on the keys of a kind of cosmical piano, might urge solid, unmanned, wedge-shaped steel barks right through the foeman's ironclads and out at the other side. This would be simpler than the plan of setting the ocean itself on fire, though, perhaps, less imposing. Again, if the weather be fine, ARCHIMEDES's old system of prodigious burning-glasses might be revived by Mr. EDISON. The whole heat of the sun, concentrated by a plan of Mr.

EDISON's, might make the hostile fleet red-hot, and at the same time boil the sea-water, so that the doomed foe could not escape by swimming. Methods of causing tidal waves by interfering with the moon are also probably not beyond the reach of military astronomy, though this truly grandiose device might cause international complications. All countries have an acknowledged interest, as GROTIUS admits, in the celestial bodies.

These methods appear to us all nearly equally feasible, and equally worthy of a great people which wishes to economise in National Defence. They are all likely to be as serviceable as our own mines, torpedoes, and other cheap and disastrous substitutes for guns, ships, and expensive British seamen. The only misfortune is that the wasteful and warlike nations of Europe are not likely to adopt military methods which would perhaps serve nicely for the defence of Laputa.

COUNTY COUNCILS.

IT has been a slow awakening for them and a most reluctant; but the many moderate, good-natured men who could see no mischief in the probable working of the County Councils Bill do now acknowledge themselves alive to a deal of mischief. What has enlightened them completely is the newspaper discussion on the choice of Aldermen for the London Council; but the election of the Councillors should have sufficed, or even the names of some of the candidates. For example, when LORD ROSEBERY came forward as a candidate for the London Council, his appearance in that character was hailed with the utmost satisfaction by nearly every public writer on the Conservative or Unionist side in politics; and when he commended himself to the citizens as one who was poignantly anxious to bar faction out of local government, yet more was he approved. The feather-end of a score of pens was pointed toward him as the model candidate; to vote for LORD ROSEBERY and for all such would be civic virtue. And yet there might have been more caution than cynicism in asking a few questions about LORD ROSEBERY's candidature. We know LORD ROSEBERY. We know him to be the cleverest man in his party—the cleverest as well as the most distinguished for the kind of ability that makes a statesman. We know him for a young man who has not yet divorced himself from the pleasures of this world, to which he is still disposed to give a little time. Further, he is known to be the possessor of a considerable estate; and considerable estates cannot be abandoned altogether to the management of paid agents. Moreover, LORD ROSEBERY is one of the most active and most ambitious captains in the Radical army, with a vast deal to do in keeping it on its feet. Lastly, his "local interests" are Scotch. Why, then, should such a man yearn to devote himself to vestry-work in London?—to its road-mending contracts, its gas and water arrangements, its drainage, and all the small parish business in which politics have no part? What is the likelihood that he would voluntarily lose the small remnant of his leisure in employments of that sort for the mere satisfaction of doing what a thousand men in London could do much better? We take leave to think that LORD ROSEBERY is no such wastrel as they must suppose him who believe that he had no *arrière pensée* in shouldering the hod of parish business. Of course we do not mean to suggest that his protest against the introduction of party politics into the constitution or the working of County Councils was insincere. No such imputation is intended and none implied. It is also very frankly and fully admitted that his conduct at the first meeting, when the election of Aldermen was adjourned, was extremely proper. But he was conscious of inducements which should have been manifest to everybody else. For one thing, it is of the highest importance to his party that the London constituencies should become, or should appear, less hostile to Gladstonianism than they were before there were so many of them. Talk of the North as they please, LORD ROSEBERY and his friends are aware that the heart and brain of the Empire are contained within a five-mile circuit of Charing Cross; and behold how many the metropolitan members are, nowadays! LORD ROSEBERY also knew that the Council elections would be worked on party lines whether he liked it or not—would be so worked on both sides, but mostly on his own. He knew that his return for London City (more especially if SIR JOHN LUBBOCK should be chosen too, as was pretty certain) would look like a victory for the Gladstonians; and would so appear in the eyes of thousands of uninquiring

voters who are always ready to shout with the winning side. Thus the apparently inexplicable is explained; though why the dangerous though blameless motive of LORD ROSEBERY's candidature should have been missed by so many thoughtful persons remains a puzzle.

However, when the elections were over; when it was seen that, in point of fact, partisanship had not been excluded from the contest; and when the boast went up that Radicalism had proved victorious, light began to dawn on many a Unionist who theretofore had dwelt in a darkness of complacency. But even then the restfulness of twilight was preferred, and curtains were drawn upon facts too glaring and disturbing. "After all," it was a very respectable body, the County Councillors of London. "After all," they could be removed at the end of three years. "After all," the business of the Council included nothing that appertained to Imperial politics; and just as LORD ROSEBERY would not for the life of him, so MR. BURNS could not for the life of him, employ the machinery of the Council upon any but vestry affairs. The Radical majority in the Council dare not attempt any such thing. The eye of the London Conservative was on that majority; his ear had already caught its rejoicings over a Radical victory; and as surely as there would be another election within the short space of three years, so surely would the London Conservative rise at the end of that period and sweep every Radical out of the Council if license were allowed to political partisanship meanwhile. To such a tune many a Union journalist whistled as he went through the graveyard of his expectations—such expectations, we mean, as he had derived from a philosophic examination of the Local Government Bill. But when the great controversy arose upon the question "How shall the Aldermen be elected?" and when in the course of that debate a determination to use the London Council as so much Radical machinery was openly vaunted, a natural cry of fear escaped from the lips that erstwhile whistled so valiantly. "If party politics are to be pushed in this way" "to the worst extreme, we despair of local government in England. It will yield nothing but strife and corruption." Very likely. But it is not necessary to believe yet awhile that party politics will be pushed to "the worst extreme." Not quite. A variety of checks will be called into play before the worst is reached, at any rate. But if we do not rid ourselves of some delusions wherewith we chose to clothe ourselves when the Local Government Bill passed (we who are not Radicals; from the first they saw with vision clear what could be done with the County Councils), so much the worse for the right side in politics. Now that we understand LORD ROSEBERY's motive in this matter, let us without blaming him, which would be unjust, neglect not the lesson it supplies, for neglect would be foolish. Let us cease to say "After all." To speak with moderation, no more ridiculous delusion has crept upon common sense in our time than that politics can be kept out of the County Councils. Some of the politician's business may be excluded—possibly all that relates to foreign affairs, for instance. But much that is mortised into the very foundations of society and the State may be reached by the hammer in the hands of the County Councils; and this we have been taught already by the allies of the majority in the new London Corporation. That these bodies may be turned to account as partisan machinery, of which they will have command who trade most daringly on popular ignorance and the distractions of poverty, is already clear enough—is certain without any evidence to start from. Look at this fact alone. "After all," the London Council may be turned out at the next election three years hence: so it is comfortably said. But three years hence, in the natural course of things, the next Parliamentary election will be at hand; and can it be supposed that the one series of elections all through the country will not affect the other? Does any one believe that, as the time approaches for both events, the Radicals in the Councils will not work for both, by every device that is likely to take the fancy of democratic voters? Is it really supposed that they can be restrained from doing so by threats of retaliation—all effectual retaliation being impossible, or possible only by competition in Radicalism? To ask a few questions of this sort is to destroy belief in the assertion that politics can be, as no doubt they ought to be, excluded from the working of the County Councils. However, there the Councils are, and we must make the best of them. Moreover, it is reasonable to hope that the party which is so signally favoured by the institution of

these bodies will make a moderate use of their advantages at starting. But, no more delusions! No matter how the election of Aldermen for London may turn out, no matter what the general outcome of the elections all through the country, here is a new machinery of local government which can and will be worked by party wirepullers in ways that must affect the whole course of Imperial government; and the more moderate portion of the community must be very watchful and very arduous indeed if Advanced Radicalism does not profit most by the use of the machine.

THE EAST AFRICAN BILL.

IT is said, and can be well believed, that Prince BISMARCK, in the debates on the East African Bill, showed a certain abatement of natural force. He is only metaphorically like TALUS, an iron man, and not merely age, but annoyance, must tell on him as it does on other people. But he does not seem to have bated a jot of heart in the matter. If the reported words of Secretary BAYARD about the Samoa affair are true, one not inconsiderable trouble is as good as off the CHANCELLOR's hands, but reports on this head vary considerably. In no country are molehills more apt to be skilfully raised into mountains for political purposes than in the United States, and the Americans, having practically no foreign policy, are very naturally and pardonably apt to magnify the little shreds of one which sometimes seem to present themselves. In any case there is no doubt that even in Samoa the Germans have had a sharp lesson as to the danger of attempting to carry on Colonial experiments in their own *corps-de-garde* fashion, and some of the latest news renders it nearly incredible that Lord SALISBURY should countenance them in further violence. The lesson in East Africa has been sharper still, and we do not know that the debate shows any clear signs of its having been learnt. Captain WISSMANN, who, according to a perhaps not inconvenient plan, was allowed, though not a member, to take part in the debate—or, at least, to make a statement—seems to have carried a famous English maxim of political caution still further. Not only will he not prescribe till he is called in, but he entirely declines to reveal the prescription even when he is called in. Still, enough was shown in his speech to prove that the gallant Captain has not got much beyond the old notion of enlisting Corporal SCHLAG. Now the Corporal got his employers into this very difficulty, and we own that we do not quite see how, unless he is going to be employed on a very great scale, he is going to get them out of it. The Germans can, of course, continue their present plan of bombarding the coast-towns and occasionally landing parties. But this will not only continue their present heavy losses by disease and in action, but will not give them command of one inch of territory beyond the range of their guns. They can permanently occupy the principal ports; but the ports are of no use without the interior, at least without a pacified interior, and the loss from both the causes just indicated will be largely increased. They can organize some kind of expedition; but the cost will be very large, the results very doubtful, and the risks of various kinds the heaviest that any European nation has recently undertaken. If it is carried out, we should advise some enterprising German bookseller to publish a short impartial account of the history and expenses of our Ashantee, Abyssinian, Zulu, and Soudan expeditions. Allowing that Germans are ten times as brave and ten times as clever as Englishmen, they may, if they please, divide the loss and expense of these by ten, and see if they like the quotient.

However, this is, of course, a matter solely for German decision. Turning to matters which concern England more narrowly, it is to be observed that the chief cavillers at the Anglo-German agreement have greeted it with a mixture of grumbling and silence. They are still sure that England is a catspaw; but they are, unfortunately for themselves, unable to discover the slightest evidence of this in the conduct or language of the monkey. The truth is that nothing could be more studiously courteous and reasonable than the PRINCE's language towards this country. Therefore, having hitherto been quite sure that he was undisguisedly triumphing over his success in bamboozling us, Gladstonian critics now discover that it is all his accursed hypocrisy, and he must have bamboozled us because he does not triumph at all. As they have by their own confession been

mistaken in one explanation, it is not perhaps intolerably insolent to suggest that they may be mistaken in both. For ourselves we have repeatedly said, and never met with an answer, that all this grumbling at German influence in Zanzibar is years too late. It should have been made when the partition was first made, and we should have been glad to join our voices to it if we had been really convinced of the sincerity of the new Jingoism, and if the grumblers had been ready to back their opinion. But it is perfectly certain that the outcry about Lord BEACONSFIELD ten years ago would have been a whisper compared to the outcry against Lord SALISBURY if he had proposed to go to war for Zanzibar. In the most sensible speech which has been made by any French Minister for years past, Admiral KRANTZ the other day frankly said that France did not intend to go to war about certain Pacific Islands with England, and that, therefore, it was useless and undignified to grumble and growl about them. If that principle were once clearly understood, both by Governments and by the general, it would be a very good thing indeed. Practically, something like it is always understood by the knowing, and it decides the course of events, except when the ignorance of the unknowing forces statesmen's hands, and a sudden frenzy or a course of "drift" brings on war which might have been prevented by a system of cards on the table. At present the advantage that we get from the situation is, that we can support without cost to ourselves the SULTAN's authority, to surrender which would have a most injurious effect on our interests, not merely on the spot, but elsewhere. But it cannot be denied that there is cause for anxiety and need for vigilance in respect to the plans which Captain WISSMANN has in his pocket.

The execution of these plans will probably be affected more or less considerably by the very imperfectly known but extremely important events which are going on in the interior of Africa. The events in progress between Khartoum and Wadai have a very great interest for ourselves, and they are important to Germany because projects, at least in name, for the rescue of EMIN are mixed up with those of which Captain WISSMANN receives Imperial charge. More trustworthy information than any that has yet been received seems to make it not indeed certain, but probable, that the long-expected counter-movement against the Mahdists and their Kalifa under Es SENOUSSI has, as the reporters say, "assumed" "formidable proportions," that the aggressiveness of the dervishes has alarmed the powers of the Western Soudan, and that a new revolution at Khartoum may avenge in a manner that lamentable one the blood of which was registered for all time as on Mr. GLADSTONE's head four years ago last Saturday. If there be any wisdom in English management of Egypt, this may—indeed must—have great results for us, and it is not at all likely to be left out of Captain WISSMANN's calculations. But he is likely to be more directly concerned with the disturbances which are affecting Uganda and the Upper Congo. The intelligence received from these parts seems to leave little doubt that the "break up of Uganda" was due to the great slave-traders like TIPPOO TIB, that that worthy and his fellows have practically broken off the peace or truce which, in fear or favour of Mr. STANLEY, they concluded with the Congo State, and that they are also deeply concerned in the insurrection of BUSHIRI and other coast leaders against German rule. It is quite natural that this should be so, and it is by no means improbable that the well-intentioned, but far from discreet, threats about a crusade which Cardinal LAVIGERIE and other amiable fanatics have been making for some time past have been reported to the persons principally concerned, and have alarmed them. In this very probable case dubious philanthropy, not for the first time, would have a heavier responsibility for bringing about undoubted human misery. It is further noteworthy that, whether by design or not, Prince BISMARCK's identification of the German cause with abolition comes to aggravate these other disturbing causes. Altogether, the African witches' cauldron has seldom been more in a boil than it is at present. And when we blame the Germans, it is only just to remember that the original blame is ours. All would have been saved if Mr. GLADSTONE had not made Egypt abandon the Soudan; much, perhaps, if Lord SALISBURY had politely informed Germany that the Sultan of ZANZIBAR was practically an English vassal.

LAW AND MORALS.

TWO cases decided on the same day in the Queen's Bench Division this week raise difficult and delicate questions of morals and law. Although in ordinary circumstances one would naturally begin with the ladies, it is sometimes safer to postpone the most elastic and absorbing topic. Skittle-pool, whatever else may be said of it, is at least a more definite and manageable subject than the liabilities incident to quasi-marital relationship. Skittle-pool is a kind of billiards, and apparently a very peculiar kind. For it is played upon a billiard-table with small skittles. Croquet might, no doubt, be played upon a cricket-ground with large hoops; but it is not so easy to understand the connexion between skittles and a billiard-table. The magistrates of Norwich, however, have found as a fact that such a game was played at the sign of the "Oak Shades" in that cathedral city on the 19th of last October by two young men. These reckless plungers into the region of uncertainty combined a certain frugality with their licentiousness, and began by contending for stakes of threepence, with a half-penny each for the use of the table. But mark how the demon of chance, who rattles at midnight his bones, lures his prey to their doom. These youths began only at fourpence. Next time they played for sixpence, and the third for a shilling. A famous problem connected with farthings, and with the nails in a horse's shoes, will faintly suggest the lengths to which these misguided lads might have gone if they had not been opportunely checked by the guardians of the public peace. Before the cock began to crow they might have been skittling or pooling, whichever it ought to be called, for a sum in comparison with which the National Debt would be the merest fleabite. A shilling, however, is enough to rouse the passions of the young bloods at Norwich, and at that point in the geometrical progression "an assault took place." A venerable peer is said to have once informed the House of Lords, on being persistently interrupted, that he would fight any peer of his own size or ride any peer of his own weight across country for a hundred pounds. The fight at Norwich was only for a shilling. But it came off, whereas the more aristocratic and expensive combat did not. Why the respectable justices of Norwich should not have dealt with the assault according to the form of the statute we do not know. What they did was to mulct mine host of the "Oak Shades" in the sum of twenty shillings, with seventeen and sixpence as costs, for allowing unlawful "gaming" upon his premises. This is a somewhat serious decision, and it is not surprising to read that some of the magistrates dissented from it. But, as two of HER MAJESTY'S judges have upheld it, it must be considered law, and in this shape will astonish some people a good deal. For, as nothing turned upon the peculiar nature of the pastime which terminated so tragically, it seems to follow that neither billiards nor any other game of pure skill, much less any game of chance, can be played in a public-house, or a hotel, or at any other place where intoxicating liquors are sold to the public. Baron HUDDLESTON says that every judge, except Chief Justice COCKBURN, has concurred in thinking that a game played for money was enough to constitute unlawful gaming. Sir ALEXANDER COCKBURN was a man of sense and of the world.

The action brought by MESSRS. HEAD, of Sloane Street, against Mr. POWELL, formerly a lieutenant in the 11th Hussars, has ended very fortunately for MESSRS. HEAD. They had no doubt a large bill, and they were entitled to be paid by some one. But whether Mr. POWELL was the person is, notwithstanding the verdict of the jury, open to considerable doubt. No question has been more often before the Courts than the liability of a husband for debts contracted by his wife. Since the effect of recent legislation has been to give a married woman complete control of her own property as if she were single, it is only fair that the other side should be free from the weight of obligations not deliberately and voluntarily incurred. It has indeed been held, quite independently of the Married Women's Property Acts, that if a wife has no authority from her husband to pledge his credit, and if she is sufficiently supplied with necessities according to her position in life, a tradesman who chooses to trust her must take his chance of her being able to pay him. This view of the law has sometimes operated hardly upon shopkeepers. But it has more often protected rich men, and men not rich, from demands which had no semblance of justice, except on the plea that the plaintiff ought not to go without his money. Mr. POWELL was not even the husband of the lady who ordered

gold tabliers and "crêpe de Chine embroidered metallic fronts," and "a guipure lace and jet-embroidered flounce," and similar articles of universal wear, from MESSRS. HEAD. She resided with him in Berkeley Square, and passed under his name, and MESSRS. HEAD's foreman, who seems to have kept himself singularly unspotted from the world, trusted her because of the locality in which she lived. There is, no doubt, much to be said for holding that Miss NUNN, to give the lady her real name, was liable for these luxurious ornaments of the person. But against Mr. POWELL there was no particular evidence, except that he had seen her wearing them, and had not directed them to be sent back where they came from. On the other hand, he had given her credit with another firm to the extent of two hundred pounds, while she in her turn had other friends who gave her presents from time to time. That Mr. POWELL's practical wisdom is not much may be gathered from the fact that when he took Miss NUNN to the librarians', and gave a general order for theatrical tickets, he threw a thousand-pound note upon the counter, and walked away without waiting for the change. The jury may have thought, and may have been right in thinking, that a young gentleman who treated money after such an insane fashion did not deserve any particular indulgence. They may also, as stern moralists, have objected to his mode of life altogether. But immorality does not deprive a man of his legal rights as a citizen, even if he pushes vice so far as to play skittle-pool and drink something stronger than tea. Juries are very fond of acting upon the principle of "my aunt's case," and taking care that, if goods have been supplied, somebody shall pay for them, no matter who. But these benevolent aberrations ought to be judicially checked.

THE LOQUACIOUS SOLDIER.

WE hope we sympathize duly with the disappointment Lord WOLSELEY suffered at Birmingham the other day when his honourable friend on his left took the wind out of his sails. When you are going to hold forth at large on patriotism, national grandeur, and the moral influences of military life, it is annoying to find your chairman cutting in from front of you with general observations on exactly the same topics. Therefore, within bounds we feel for Lord WOLSELEY—but it is within bounds. The fact is that the speech which the ADJUTANT-GENERAL did make was one with which we could very well have dispensed. If this appears a rather brutal form of expression, the excuse for it must be that Lord WOLSELEY's speech is also an example of a very bad practice which is becoming far too common among military gentlemen of late—the practice of indulging in high falutin' talk and vague speculation. We do not remember that anything more idle than his praise of the hygienic influence of compulsory military service has been heard, even in our own time. A moment's consideration ought to show anybody that the weedy, narrow-chested, spindle-shanked inhabitant of the towns would never enjoy the advantages of military training. No nation draws all the young men of the yearly contingent—nor anything like all of them. It could not support them if it did. We, who do not propose to maintain an army of six hundred thousand men, would draw a smaller percentage than anybody else. The first effect of compulsory service with us would be to send up the standard of height and chest measurement in the army; for, as a matter of course, if we had to select, we should select the best. The stout, well-grown young fellows would be taken. The weedy townsmen would be left. We do not say that it might not be a good thing to give the flower of our working population two years in a barrack. Very possibly it might; but it is a foolish paradox to assert that compulsory service would touch those men who are least fit for soldiering work.

The worst of it is that loose talk seems to be in the way of becoming chronic in the army, not only on platforms, but in despatches. There has come in within these last few years a mania for making the most of everything, for swelling molehills into mountains, for using the greatest possible number of the longest words about every trumpery bit of fighting which comes in our way. The last instance of the practice has, we observe with satisfaction, been too much for some among us, officers and civilians both. The absurd length and pomposity of General GREENFELL's reports of the fighting at Souakim have provoked protests which we

do trust will not be without effect. They were certainly almost shameful. An affair which ought hardly to have been dignified with the name of battle at all was detailed at greater length and with more solemnity of language than WELLINGTON thought necessary for the battle of Salamanca. General GRENFELL named the officers present apparently on the system of the private schoolmaster who gave a prize to all the boys. If this goes on, officers will soon cease to have any reason for being proud of the words mentioned in despatches in their list of services. It is high time that we were returning to the old beliefs that courage and good conduct were matters of course among British officers and men; that boasting is a habit only fit for foreigners, and that it is very bad form to make much of small things. Certainly of late we have been very heterodox on these articles of our old creed. Generals write at times as if they were surprised that their men did not run, as if they were by no means afraid of boasting, and were intensely anxious to make the most of everything. What or who is responsible for this we shall not at present undertake to say, though we are not without our suspicions. Perhaps it is so long since we have had a really great war that men are beginning to lose their sense of proportion in matters of fighting. Perhaps bad example may have something to do with it. Whether this be so or no, the evil has grown and ought to be diminished. It will not be maintained by any competent person that British officers have never boasted. They have, but they were laughed at, and were not imitated. The art of arranging a despatch was not unknown, as we learn from the veracious history which contains the doings of Captain TERENCE O'BRIEN. But what we are prepared to maintain is that at no previous period was frothy newspaper talk so common among fighting men as it is now; and there is great need that it should be denounced as a contemptible and (still) un-English vice. Even men who were naturally braggarts would have been ashamed to write like General GRENFELL. NELSON could boast; but compare his despatch after the Nile, when he was wild with excitement and reeling from loss of blood and gratified pride, with the columns on the "battle" of Souakim. The comparison is enough to inspire a belief that we have gone utterly to tongue. We do not ask officers to imitate slavishly the immortal despatch of Captain WALTON of the *Canterbury*, which consisted of the words, "Sir, we have taken and destroyed all the Spanish ships and vessels which were upon the coast, the number as per margin." This terseness is perhaps too much to expect from human virtue; still we would venture to recommend that in future any British officer who has to write a despatch will make it his business to get as close as possible to Captain WALTON, and as far as may be from General GRENFELL.

A PROFLIGATE PURITAN.

SOME (foolish) persons consider dancing profligate. It is common knowledge among readers of newspapers that Mr. STEWART (as Lord GALLOWAY will note with approval) HEADLAM, known to such reporters as have the misfortune to be obliged to attend dinners given to themselves by shabby persons in honour of occasional perversions to Gladstonism or the like, as the Rev. STEWART HEADLAM, is a champion of purity. Save as aforesaid, this article and the heading thereof are not intended to cast any reflection whatever upon Mr. HEADLAM's character, moral or otherwise. The said Mr. HEADLAM has published a red book called *The Theory of Theatrical Dancing* (London: FREDERICK VERINDER, 1888), which he describes as "edited from CARLO BLASIS' *Code of Terpsichore*, 'with the Original Plates.'" It is a curious work, and is prefaced with some curious observations.

It seems that Mr. BLASIS was a distinguished dancing-master, principally at Milan, in the early part of the present century. When he published the *Code of Terpsichore* he was principal dancer at the King's (Her Majesty's) Theatre. Somebody translated it, under Mr. BLASIS's own supervision, and now Mr. HEADLAM edits it with enthusiasm. He reminds the public that "Dancing is an art," and one which "depends on their immediate support for its very existence." "The Poet, the Painter, the Sculptor can work for posterity; but the Dancer's art is fugitive, not permanent. If the contemporaries of any Dancer fail through ignorance, or dulness, or bigotry [sic] through being a peer, a Tory, or an owner of real estate] to appreciate her, no one else can. They have

"prevented her God-given faculties from having the influence which they were intended to have. . . . The great mass of the people are, I am convinced, pleased and interested with beautiful dancing, and will be glad to know and understand a little more about it; while those who go so far as to maintain that the human body is the temple of the Holy Ghost—" but there is a limit proper to be observed in all luxuries, even in that of quoting from Mr. HEADLAM. It should be added that Mr. HEADLAM perceives probable discouragement to students of the art of dancing in "the strain and stress of our modern competitive life, the failure of the State to carry out to the full the education of the people in art as well as in other things," and the like. But "there are not wanting signs that wise laws and rational government will, before many generations are passed, alter this state of things." Many generations can hardly pass in less than three or four hundred years, and the gap will be suitably filled by Mr. HEADLAM's edition of Mr. BLASIS's book.

The book, which is short, consists mainly of sentences like this:—"You must not either follow the precepts of simple unpractised theorists, utterly incapable of demonstrating clearly the true principles of the art: nor be guided by the imaginary schemes of innovating speculators. . . . Carefully shun the baneful lessons of such preceptors, and seek to place yourself under the direction of an experienced master, whose knowledge and talents will serve as true guides to perfection, and point out the path that leads to pre-eminence." "Let your shoulders be low, your head high, your countenance animated and expressive. . . . But let no affectation mingle with your dancing; that would mar everything." "Do not separate your legs from each other sideways. Carry your head upright and your waist steadily; by which means your body is kept in an elegant position." It also contains one piece of specific advice, which is worth remembering as the counsel of an experienced dancer. Mr. BLASIS recommends daily practice in dancing as an invariable rule. But "let no other exercise be intermingled with dancing; riding, fencing, and running are all powerful enemies to the learner's advancement." Then there are pictures reproduced from Mr. BLASIS's original work, and it is impossible to do them justice in words. One of them is described in a sort of index as "manner in which a dancer should hold herself when practising." The manner is, that she should look as much as possible like the upright post of a semaphore, with her right arm and right leg extended at right angles (exactly) to her person, as if to signify that two trains had or had not made their appearance. She might find it difficult to hold herself in this attitude during a prolonged period of practice. Howbeit the picture showing this position is undoubtedly that of a man. Whether this was done from motives of delicacy, or whether the eagle but Puritanical eye of Mr. HEADLAM failed to detect the incongruity between the text and the plate, it skills not to determine. Either way, the preface is pleasing, and so are the pictures, and they would be more pleasing still if the text of Mr. BLASIS were omitted.

MR. GOSCHEN'S PROMISE.

THAT a promise from the Chancellor of the Exchequer is worth many from the First Lord of the Admiralty is, or ought to be, a Parliamentary adaptation of a well-known piece of proverbial wisdom. When the gentleman who has the privilege of giving the money for the ships commits himself to a promise that more of them shall be supplied, he is much more worthy of confidence than the other gentleman who can only promise that they shall be forthcoming if he is allowed to provide for them. For this, if for no other, reason the assurance which Mr. GOSCHEN gave at Stratford is exceedingly welcome. He had much else to say which was necessary to be said. For instance, he did a very good service, not only to his party but to the cause of common honesty and decency of language, when he exposed the empty malignity of Mr. MORLEY and the manoeuvres (of the kind familiar at sham auctions) of Mr. MORLEY's leader. The ridiculous inquiry—What does Lord SALISBURY know of the condition of the poor? might have been treated with more contempt and less gravity. A great landlord in town and country is at least as likely to be

acquainted with the condition of the poor as an industrious literary gentleman who has no necessary occasion for coming in contact with them at all. Mr. GOSCHEN preferred, however, to argue the point, and did it in a fashion likely to be effective in Stratford. He would be understood when he pointed out that the PRIME MINISTER has at least tried to do something effectual, while his critic has talked. From Mr. MORLEY to Mr. GLADSTONE was in this case an easy step. Mr. GOSCHEN had very little difficulty in showing the hollowness of the late Liberal leader's recent revival of interest in reform and domestic legislation. If the voters of Stratford do not now see the difference between fighting for reform because you think it good and clamouring for it because you hope it will give you a majority, between working at domestic legislation for its own sake and offering it as a bribe to those who you hope will enable you to do something else, it is not for want of convincing demonstration on Mr. GOSCHEN's part.

The portion of his speech which Mr. GOSCHEN gave to the navy and the whole of what he had to say to the St. George's Rifles on Thursday were of more real interest than his very effective slaying of Separatist platitudes. First, there was his distinct acknowledgment of the probability (which of course means the certainty) that the Budget of next Session will be drawn up subject to the need for a great increase of expenditure on the navy and army, particularly on the first of them. This of itself would be enough to give importance to the speech; but Mr. GOSCHEN supported it by some general observations on questions of administration which look well for the policy of the Cabinet. If he had done nothing else than expose the absurd misuse of the word "obsolete," he would have rendered excellent service. Obsolete, in the mouths of innumerable critics, professional or lay, means, not provided with the last new patent improvement which is believed by its inventor and all those he can persuade to be an absolute necessity. By dint of much clamour, inventors and their friends have contrived to spread a vague conviction among "the great dumb masses" who pay, and who do not understand, that for want of indispensable things our ships are all "obsolete," in the ordinary rational sense of the word. Mr. GOSCHEN will explain to them that what the experts really mean, in eight cases out of ten, is that the ships are wanting in this or the other detail, are not supplied with this or the other steam-engine, which some ingenious person has first invented and then discovered to be of vital importance. It is an infallible rule, too, that these vastly important things are superseded in a month or two. In both speeches Mr. GOSCHEN had occasion to insist on a flagrant example of the doings of the inventor—namely, the long-range and quick-firing rifle of the newest types. The pressing need for long range and rapid firing has been a commonplace with most critics who had anything to say about the armament of the forces. After immense fuss, we have got a weapon capable of doing more or less what the critics want. Well, now that we are at work making this indispensable thing, we are coolly told that really long range is of no great importance, since you cannot engage an enemy to any purpose at a distance. The great thing is to get close up to him and shoot him at short range. Some of us have been of that opinion all along, and have said so—but it was not scientific. Science has had her way, with the result that a good sufficient rifle is being replaced at immense cost by a weapon which the experts themselves now incline to think is endowed with all kinds of fine qualities, which are not in the least likely to be wanted. Mr. GOSCHEN was perfectly right in pointing out that it is this passion for experimenting, this tyranny of the inventor and projector, which are largely responsible for our enormous naval and military expenditure. We trust that he will persuade his colleagues to be satisfied with the practically good enough, and to secure a proper quantity of it.

THE CUCKOW.

THIS very remarkable bird has his name spelt like this—Cuckow—in Newton's revised edition of *Yarrell on British Birds*. And he is therein classed as *picarie*, *cuculide*, with the name of *Cuculus canorus*, Linnæus. Mr. Legge, who may be presumed to be a relation of Captain Legge, quoted by Yarrell as having seen the cuckow in Ceylon, and therefore having an idea of the cuckow in the family, writes to the *Times* to say the cuckow has been heard somewhere in Norfolk a little before

Christmas. But to establish belief in such a surprising fact much more evidence is required, and as the very immoral habits of the cuckow have attracted the attention of man from the beginning of time, so much so that he has become a byword and a reproach, a sudden alteration of his ways, with a possible improvement in his morals, would be so astonishing that the evidence collected by Mr. Legge does not suffice.

The cuckow chants his lay, in his very sweet though monotonous tones, according to the old rhyme:—

APRIL
He tunes his bill.
MAY
He sings all day.
JUNE
He alters his tune.
JULY
Away to fly.

He leaves us for much warmer climates far to the southward—South Africa, for example—in July or early in August, but some of his offspring, if hatched late, may stay till September. Such is his regularity, in his morally irregular habits, that his sudden disappearance has in times gone by, before his ways were found out, given rise to very wild conjectures; among others, that he changed into a hawk, his outward personal appearance being something like that smallest of hawks, the merlin. Somebody signing himself "Naturalist" has written to the *Times*, excited by Mr. Legge to taking such a step, mixing him up with the hawks, to which class of birds he is utterly unlike in everything but plumage. "Ouida," in defence of the cuckow, has, also in the *Times*, smashed and pulverized this "Naturalist's" hawk theory, as any one might do by reference to Yarrell or any other bird book.

There is no good reason whatever why the cuckow should cry in December. The cock bird utters his call for his mate in the season of the year when she lays eggs, and he has no call to call her at any other time. And it is at this season that the cuckow commits that immoral act which has held him up to scorn by civilized man, who, however, in the person of no less an authority than Jean-Jacques Rousseau, did precisely the same thing himself. The hen cuckow lays her egg on the cold ground; it is only a little one, as Marryat said in a similar case; then takes it in her bill, and, finding the nest of a suitable parent—that is, a parent who will feed the young one on the proper food—deposits her egg therein, and goes her way to enjoy herself, free from the cares and responsibilities of a family. The foster-parents are most commonly the hedge-sparrow, reed-warbler, pied wagtail, and meadow-pipit. This is bad enough, but cuckow immorality does not stop here. The young cuckow, when hatched, ousts the rightful heirs from the nest, and elbows his way to success in life like any other Mr. Stryver. This curious imitation of Mr. Worldly-wise-man on the part of the infant cuckow was witnessed by a naturalist, a friend of ours—who, by-the-bye, was a botanist, but, as such, an observer of nature in general. He found a warbler's nest, with a young cuckow and a young warbler in it. The young cuckow had as yet only the rudiments of feathers, and the friend saw him shuffling about his elbows, or wings, and his back in an extraordinary manner. He watched him, and after a while, this shuffling and elbowing gradually got the young warbler to the edge of the nest, and then turned him out, so that he fell on the ground naked and helpless, to shuffle off this mortal coil. Our friend the botanist felt exceedingly indignant, and restored the young warbler to his nest. He continued to watch, to see fair, as they say, and saw the shuffling and the elbowing on the part of the young cuckow begin again; followed, after a while, by the same result. At this our botanist, in a transport of righteous feeling, boiling with virtuous rage, seized the young cuckow, and executed summary justice, as he then thought, on him by dashing him to the ground, again restoring the rightful heir to his home. On calm reflection, however, he repented himself of the deed, and thought that possibly the young cuckow had just as much right to turn out the young warbler as he had to kill the young cuckow; for, after all, "it was his nature to" oust the young warbler, and nature may be supposed to have some design in the supply of cuckows at the expense of warblers.

What brighter or more joyful season of the year is there than the cuckow season, when his soft melodious call is heard on hill and in dale? It is the cheerful time of spring, when all birds sing and have on their nuptial plumage, when the nightingale sings all the day and night long for the only few weeks he condescends to charm us with his "complaining note." The summer is before us, the winter is behind us, and it is the time of hope, when sunshine and warmth may inspire us. The foliage is gorgeous with bright and fresh greens, yellows, and browns, before it has assumed the universal dark green of summer, with a glitter that the autumnal tint affected by the artist cannot pretend to. The flowering trees and shrubs are in their full splendour, and the flowers of the field, who toil not neither do they spin, are so bedizened that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. There is surely no time of the year so full of life as this. When the cuckow cry is first heard who does not feel the lightness of heart associated with the spring? And when he changes his note, soon after to be silent, who has not felt that the longest day has passed, and the fall of the year is coming, though the fruit season, as a sequel to the flower season, will follow by way of solace? The cuckow season is the

time of all others, and there is a Bohemian carelessness in the bird's manners and customs that makes him a fascination. He certainly has fascinated mankind, and has got himself entangled in human poetry, proverbs, and figures of speech.

There is no need to cast any doubt on Mr. Legge. Mr. Legge heard something, thought it was a cuckow, and, being naturally much exercised in his mind at that naughty bird singing out of season, he did the only thing a man can do in that mental condition—he wrote to the *Times*. Some one has said that it must have been a boy in a tree imitating a cuckow; but, as Mr. Legge very truly remarks, the habits of boys are not so like the habits of cuckows as all that. There are such things as cuckow-clocks—examples of the influence cuckows bring to bear upon us—very pretty, very good, very like the cuckow when striking the hour, and wonderfully cheap. We believe they pervade the country at all seasons of the year; but we do not suggest that either they or the little boys flit from tree to tree, though it is impossible to say what an echo might do. A greater mass of evidence, and of a different quality, must be adduced before the cuckow can safely be convicted of singing in December. And the boy theory, the clock theory, or any other theory, must be adopted in preference to such a violation of nature.

Somebody else writes to the *Times*—and, faith, they print it—to say he has a thrush that sang about the same time as Mr. Legge's cuckow. But that is neither here nor there; for those who happily live in the society of wild thrushes know very well to their joy that the thrush will sing all the year round, whenever the weather is at all encouraging, and in this regard he beats the nightingale hollow, his song being very little inferior at any time. There is a pathos in a bird singing in confinement, and he may well sing out of season. A bird sings for his mate, he wants her, and he calls for her; he sings for something that he very much desires. When in a cage why should he not sing at all seasons? It is a cry for something that he very much desires. It is a cry for liberty. If a lark sing in a cage, as he does, is it not that he is longing to soar, and cannot? The only way he has of expressing his want is his song. "I can't get out, I can't get out," said the starling, in the *Sentimental Journey*. Is not that the song of all caged birds, a pathetic cry for something they want, and have not—for liberty? The canary sings, and has been born and bred in cages for generations, bred for his singing; still it may be a song expressing a want, though he may not know what 'tis he wants. A thrush, whether caged or uncaged, cannot be offered as an excuse for a cuckow singing in England in cold December when he is far away to the hot south, and would assuredly starve in this climate. His food is insects and the grub of insects; he is endowed with the power of digesting the most hairy of caterpillars—a notable instance of the struggle for existence being carried on by a protection of hairiness on one side, met by powers of digestion on the other. We hope soon to hear the cuckow, but not before May, when he will sing all day.

EXAMINATIONS AGAIN.

WE do not know whether Mr. Scoones's reply to the "Examination Protest" which appears in this month's *Nineteenth Century* will revive interest in the very important, if not extremely lively or hopeful, question it discusses. It does not appear alone. Mr. Knowles also publishes a fresh list—this time limited to members of Parliament—of signatories to the "Protest," and six short essays by Mr. Auberon Herbert, Sir Frederick Pollock, Sir Joseph Fayer, Mr. Galton, Dr. Priestley, and the Bishop of Carlisle. The M.P.'s, we confess, move us not much. A list which contains Dr. Clark and Mr. Conybeare resolves itself by that fact into its primary elements and has no strength whatever as a whole. What does Mr. Justin McCarthy know about examination? and did Mr. Cunningham Graham think it had something to do with magistrates? Such things are absurd. The short articles we have referred to are not so. Mr. Auberon Herbert *parle bien*, according to a not infrequent habit of his and of his kind. Sir Frederick Pollock speaks gravely, and not favourably, of examinations from the point of view of a man who knows them thoroughly on both sides and who certainly has nothing, in the ordinary sense, to complain of them. Sir Joseph Fayer and Dr. Priestley shake the head of Medicine. Mr. Galton suggests a "hinged flap" which is very interesting, but seems to us vague. The Bishop of Carlisle alone upholds the day for examination, and it is soon clear that Dr. Goodwin is speaking of times past, not of times present. But none of these essays has the range or the elaboration of Mr. Scoones's. Whether it vies successfully with these shorter and crisper efforts or not, it will be a pity if it does not attract attention on its own merits; for as a discussion of the question, or part of it, it is distinctly superior in weight to anything that has appeared either in the original "Protest" and its schedules or in the counterblast that appeared in the *Universal Review*. It is also superior to any of its present companions, except the contributions of Sir Frederick Pollock and the Bishop of Carlisle. The work of a single expert who knows what he writes about, and writes about what he knows, must always be superior in real importance to an *omnium gatherum* of Dick, Tom, and Harry, duly attended by Richilda, Thomasina, and Harriet, or to another *omnium gatherum* of schoolmasters whipped up by a magazine editor's

appeal to them to come and save the ark. Mr. Scoones writes, of course, as a "crammer," or, to use the term which he not unnaturally prefers to that odious word, an "unendowed coach." But he writes without the slightest flavour of self-advertisement or parade. If part of his paper is a somewhat lively *apologia pro domo sua*, and part of it even a somewhat lively catapulting of the domes of others, that is to be expected and allowed for. The "crammer" was put on his defence by a tolerably vivacious assault on him from other persons, and it is of the essence of defence to hit back.

Of one part of Mr. Scoones's reply we need say very little. It is quite certain that, on the part of modern schoolmasters, and even to a certain extent of modern dons, the outcry against "crammers" is not a little unreasonable and unfair. At schools especially it is perfectly well known that boys are as much "crammed" for examinations—that is to say, that their studies are as much subordinated to and directed by the object of passing certain examinations—as at any private tutor's, and it is a perfectly well-justified boast of the "unendowed coach" that the endowed coach chiefly hates him, first, because the U.C. does his work much better and more successfully than the E.C.; and, secondly, because the U.C. diverts from the pockets of the E.C. no inconsiderable number of shakels. Sir F. Pollock admits something like cramming against the Universities, and in his weighty way deplores the "general lowering of tone in matters of intellect, the enthronement of Bananusa in the seat of Philosophy itself." We think, indeed, that Mr. Scoones speaks rather too much as if all coaches were like himself. The "reign of tips," the rigid limitation to parts of subjects that will pay, and warning off parts that will not, the use of books which Mr. Scoones frankly pronounces "excrucially unwholesome," and suchlike things, are undoubtedly rather more, or perhaps much more, prevalent among the worst class of "unendowed coach" than among the worst class of endowed coach. Mr. Scoones may call us cynical, but we think we can prove to him that in nature it must be so, by the simple suggestion that the unendowed coach is wholly dependent on results, while the endowed coach is not wholly so; but we repeat that we dwell very little on this. On the contrary, we shall hold unendowed coach and endowed schoolmaster (including, as we have said, University tutor to some extent) without distinction in our mental balance, and we shall admit that the one has but a slender right to throw stones at the other.

Mr. Scoones is, we think, also strong, if not so strong, in the central part of his paper, which consists in something like this argument. All boys are not alike; the effect of examinations on them is not alike; but it so happens that the two differences working upon one another come to something like the result that, to none but a very few boys do examinations do harm, while to all but a very few they do good. He strives to make this good by a classification of boys into five divisions—geniuses; very clever boys, who are not quite geniuses; boys who will, with due shepherding, do better than the average; the "average boy," of tolerable ability; and the majority of "duffers." The division, as those who have had actual experience in teaching (and perhaps no one who has not is a judge in this case, though it might be as well that he should not be actually engaged in it) will admit, is a very fair division; and, what is more, the various reasons which Mr. Scoones gives to show the effect of examination on the different classes are ingenious enough. We have never ourselves greatly believed in the over-pressed boy as far as health goes (though we are not sure, and Drs. Sir W. Fayer and Priestley are not sure, that Mr. Scoones does not pooh-pooh this side of the question a little too decidedly), and he certainly has fair game of Mr. Frederic Harrison when that ingenious person suggests "a walk" as a desirable substitute for examination. Indeed, Mr. Scoones, in this respect perhaps not differing from other controversialists, is excellent at attack, and he has the great advantage that in this instance his enemies gave him plenty of ground for attacking.

If he seems to us not quite so good at defence, it is less because we think him to fail in making good his own points than because we think that he has not quite seen the whole point at issue. He is very successful in proving that, if you have examinations of the modern type, you must have a regular system of them; that, if you have a regular system of them, you must have methods of teaching to suit; and that, of these methods of teaching, the "unendowed coach" is neither a wholly wicked nor the wickedest practitioner. But Mr. Scoones seems to take certain things rather too much for granted. He lays down as general principles that "nobody is a whit the worse," that "the country is considerably the gainer," that "nobody can honestly lament the present state of education compared with what it was a quarter of a century ago," that even an indirect "proposal to substitute personal selection" for competition is not only "impracticable" (we fear it is), but a very terrible thing as well, and even that those who disapprove of cramming must approve of University Extension Lectures. This latter passage is worth quoting:—

There is a *littérateur*, by common consent second to none in range of knowledge of English literature, whose critical articles in the *Quarterly Review* of recent years have excited very considerable attention; owing to his increasing reputation he is eagerly sought after by the University Extension Delegates to lecture on literature at different centres. When so lecturing he is said to be disseminating culture; but when he is delivering the same lectures before University candidates for the Civil Service, he becomes a dangerous "crammer."

We shall not pause to inquire who this gifted person, "second

than detect faults. He had his predilections—who has not?—but throughout his long career as musical critic of the *Times*, it would be difficult to mention a single instance of unfairness or downright prejudice. On the other hand, he was a technical rather than an emotional critic, and music was to him more a science than an art. His knowledge of singing was limited, and he often extolled singers who were quite unworthy of his eloquence. Those of his numerous works which will long survive him are undoubtedly his erudite and interesting edition of the works of Guillem de Cabestann, a twelfth-century troubadour, for which he received the degree of Ph.D. from the Göttingen University, and *The Troubadour: a History of Provençal Life and Literature in the Middle Ages*, published in 1878. These are very ably compiled, and surpass in every way his enthusiastic articles on “Wagner and the Music of the Future,” which appeared from time to time since 1874 in various periodicals. He contributed the articles on Beethoven, Handel, and other famous composers to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. Of the two librettos which he composed for Dr. Mackenzie, by far the best was *Colomba*, which surpassed *The Troubadour* in every particular. Dr. Hueffer, however, was absolutely lacking in the breadth of style which is necessary for lyrical dramatic work, and his evident imitations of Wagner were apt to be tedious. Dr. Hueffer married a daughter of the historical painter, Mr. Madox Brown, who, together with a numerous family, survives to mourn the early close of his blameless and industrious career.

THE REDUCTION OF THE BANK-RATE.

ON Thursday of last week and again on Thursday last the Directors of the Bank of England adopted a half-measure which, like all half-measures, has given satisfaction to no one, and is likely to do more harm than good—that is to say, they first lowered their rate of discount from 4 to 3½ per cent., and then from 3½ per cent. to 3 per cent. The argument for this is that, owing to the import of gold from Russia, and the large return of coin and notes from the provincial circulation, the supply of loanable capital in the outside market has increased so largely since the beginning of the year that the Bank of England was no longer able to cope with it; the rate of discount in the open market, in fact, fell to about 2½ per cent., and that it was useless to keep the Bank-rate at 4 per cent. when the outside market-rate was 1½ per cent. lower. This is a very lame argument. In the first place, the Directors did not try to cope with the fall in the value of money. They might have borrowed largely on Consols, and so reduced the supply of loanable capital in the outside market. But they did not do so. Even if it be granted that this would have been a very costly operation, and its success was problematical, still we would point out that the practical effect of lowering the rate to 3½ per cent. was that the outside market-rate went down immediately to 2 per cent. Just as the outside market-rate was previously 1½ per cent. lower than the Bank-rate, it has been since 1½ per cent. lower, and if the reduction to 3 per cent. has not been followed by another fall, that is because of the collection of the taxes. But the Bank of England has got as little business as it did before; and if the argument upon which we are commenting is good for anything, it means that the Directors ought to have lowered their rate to 2 per cent. at once. The real reason of the reduction is different. It is the custom of the joint-stock and private banks to allow upon deposits a rate of interest 1½ per cent. lower than the Bank-rate. A fortnight ago, that is to say, the banks were allowing 2½ per cent. upon deposits, and the discount rate was nominally only 2½ per cent.; really it was less. Therefore, by employing the money deposited with them on which interest is paid in discounting bills, the banks were losing somewhat over ¼ per cent. Naturally, therefore, the banks were anxious that the Bank of England rate should be reduced. And they are able to bring such pressure to bear upon the Directors that these latter are never long able to resist it. If it be asked why the joint-stock and private banks keep up a custom which every now and then involves their paying a higher rate of interest than the rate of discount they can obtain, we can only answer that they are unable to agree upon any other rule. Again and again meetings have been held and proposals have been made to disregard the Bank of England rate of discount altogether in fixing the rate to be allowed upon deposits. But the proposals have only succeeded to this extent—that, whereas formerly the banks allowed 1 per cent. under the Bank-rate, now they allow no more than 1½ per cent. But they still adhere to the old rule to the extent that the rate allowed is regulated by the Bank-rate, because they cannot agree upon any other method of fixing the rate. The effect, however, of this rule is mischievous, in so far as it makes it the interest of all the joint-stock and private banks to compel the Bank of England to lower its rate of discount whenever there happens to be a very wide divergence between the Bank-rate and the rate in the outside market. And those are precisely the occasions when it is desirable that the Bank-rate should be maintained and the outside market-rate should be raised. The rule is also mischievous, inasmuch as, when the Bank of England gives way to the pressure brought to bear upon it by all the other banks combined, these latter are able to lower the rate in the outside market, since they lower the rate they allow upon deposits.

While the action of the Bank of England is favourable to all the other banks throughout the country, it is undoubtedly contrary to the real interest of the community. The Bank of England keeps, as our readers are aware, the only banking cash reserve held in the United Kingdom, and that reserve at the present time is quite inadequate to the needs of the community. Just now, as stated above, coin and notes are flowing back from the provincial circulation to London, and they will continue to come back for some time longer. But in April there will be a large expansion of the coin and note circulation. There always is an expansion in spring, owing to the agricultural operations then going on. And this spring the expansion is likely to be unusually great, because trade is steadily improving. It is sometimes objected that the provincial circulation has contracted of late years very much, simply because the use of banking facilities has become more general. No doubt cheques are used now much more generally than they formerly were. And to a considerable extent, therefore, the contraction may rightly be attributed to that circumstance. But it is also attributable to some extent to the depression in trade and agriculture which lasted so long, and still more to the great fall in prices. Now that trade is improving, and that there are symptoms of recovery in agriculture, a considerable expansion of the circulation may be expected. In other words, coin and notes which have now accumulated in London will be sent to the provinces, and to that extent the reserve of the Bank of England will be reduced. Furthermore, there is all over Europe going on at present a similar return of coin and notes from circulation, and there will be a similar expansion in the spring. Therefore in all the great European capitals money is just now accumulating, and rates consequently are very low. Money will be diminishing in a few months, and rates will be rising. When this movement sets in it may well be that the demand for gold which was so strong in Germany a very little while ago may revive, not only in Germany but in Russia, France, and other countries, and that there may be large withdrawals from London for the Continent. In February and March rates will be higher here than upon the Continent, because the collection of the taxes is most active in this country in those two months, and consequently the accumulation of Government money in the Bank of England is exceptionally large. But in April the tendency will be for rates to decline in London and to rise on the Continent. Nor is it to be forgotten that when at the close of the year business in Russia became inactive, owing to the closing of so many ports, it became possible to send a considerable amount of gold from St. Petersburg to London. But, when business becomes active again in the spring, it is extremely probable that this gold will be taken back again. Over and above all this is the fact that an extraordinary number of foreign and colonial loans and Companies were brought out here last year, and that a large proportion of the money so raised can be taken in gold. A considerable amount was taken last year; but there remains a considerable balance that is likely to be taken this year, and new foreign and colonial issues are still coming out and add to the very large sum which may be taken in gold. Lastly, we must never forget the political condition of the Continent, and the risk, therefore, that a war scare or a revolutionary movement may suddenly cause a crisis where speculation has been carried on too recklessly. To sum up what we have been saying, the stock of gold held by the Bank of England, upon which depends the amount of its reserve, is quite inadequate. It will certainly be reduced by the expansion of the country circulation, and in all probability it will be greatly reduced by foreign and colonial demands. On the other hand, the likelihood is not great that much gold can be obtained from abroad.

The best interest of the whole community, therefore, requires that the stock of gold held by the Bank of England should be largely increased, and that can be done only by making it profitable to send gold to London from other countries. The Directors of the Bank of England had a chance of doing this at the beginning of the year. As we have just observed, a larger proportion of the revenue is collected in the three months, January, February, and March, than in any other quarter of the year. The receipts into the Exchequer, in fact, so largely exceed the disbursements from the Exchequer, that in February and March the sums paid into the Bank of England to the credit of the Government rapidly accumulate—so rapidly that the supply of loanable capital in the outside market is generally so reduced that the Bank of England obtains control of the market. This usually lasts for five or six weeks, and as at the same time the rates of interest and discount are commonly lower upon the Continent, there would be a strong inducement to send money from the Continent to London if the period of high rates here were sometimes prolonged. What the Bank of England, then, ought to have aimed at was to make the rates of interest and discount artificially high in January, which would have given ten or eleven weeks of high rates, and, therefore, would have offered a strong inducement to bring gold from the Continent to London. No doubt this would have been a costly operation, but it would have paid, inasmuch as the collection of the taxes of itself would suffice to make rates high in February and March. Unfortunately the Directors of the Bank of England shrank from the attempt, and even gave way to the remonstrances of the joint-stock and private banks so far as to lower their rate of discount, and thus enable the other banks to make money still cheaper, and thereby prevent gold from being

brought from the Continent. In a week or so rates must inevitably rise, but the probability that gold will be brought from the Continent is not great. It would hardly be worth while to incur the expense when the value of money may be expected to fall again in the latter part of March. The chance, therefore, of strengthening the reserve seems to have been lost for this year, and the London money market consequently is at the mercy of any accident. If there were to be a breakdown of speculation either in Paris or Berlin, rates would instantly rise in those cities, and gold might be exported from London in considerable amounts. So, again, a crisis in Australia, where speculation in land is running riot, might stop our Australian supplies of the metal, or political anxieties might again lead to withdrawals for the Continent. In any event, even if we escape accidents of these kinds, it is inevitable that money must be both scarce and dear in the autumn. The probability is, indeed, that, while rates will continue low during the first three or four months, they will rise either in April or May, and will continue high throughout the summer, when usually they are very low, but that they will not attain their maximum until the autumn, when they are likely to be higher than they have been for some years past.

NEWGATE.

THERE have been so many rumours afloat lately as to a plan of pulling down the prison of Newgate that it may perhaps be interesting to look back at the past record of this historical monument to crime. Though the present building, that looks as if built by the same Titans that erected the Palazzo della Signoria, the Palazzo Strozzi and the Palazzo Pitti in Florence, is little more than a century old, the site which it occupies has owned a gaol ever since the reign of King John. In fact, it is probable that even in those days it was an old prison; for in the following reign, A.D. 1218, Henry III. commanded the Sheriffs of the City of London to repair the gaol of Newgate, and promised to reimburse their outlay out of his own exchequer. In those days the gate-houses above the great gates of the City were habitually used as prisons, and the records of York, Chester, Carlisle, Newcastle, show that the custom was a general one. Ludgate, the next gate to Newgate along the City wall, was used to incarcerate City debtors, and as a prison it was considered far superior in comfort to Newgate, so much so, in fact, that imprisonment in Ludgate ceased to have any deterring influence; and in 1419 an ordinance was issued by Henry V. closing the Ludgate prison for debtors, because "it had been found that many false men of bad disposition and purpose have been more willing to take up their abode there, so as to waste and spend their goodies upon the ease and licence that there is within, than pay their debts; therefore, all prisoners therein shall be removed and safely carried to Newgate, there to remain each in such keeping as his own deserts shall demand." The remedy, however, was found to be too drastic; for, "by reason of the fetid and corrupt atmosphere that is in the hateful gaol of Newgate," the majority of the prisoners thus transferred from Ludgate died; and Richard Whittington, in his capacity of Mayor, issued another ordinance re-establishing the gaol of Ludgate as the proper place for "citizens and other reputable persons," on the plea (which must read strangely to those who know anything of the horrors that were then perpetrated in gaol and out of it by the strong on the weak) that "every person is sovereignly bound to support and be tender to the lives of men, the which God hath bought so dearly with His precious Blood."

Of the origin and name of Newgate there are various explanations. That it certainly was a gate in the City wall seems undoubted, and Maitland asserts that it was one of the four original gates, giving as his reason that after the Great Fire of London in 1666, "in digging a foundation for the present Holborn bridge, the vestigia of the Roman military way called Watling Street were discovered pointing directly to this gate; and this I take to be an incontestable proof of an original gate built over the said way in this place." This explanation, however, if such it can be called, leaves much to be desired in comparison with the lucid account given by Stowe, who says that Newgate, "the fifth principal gate of the City," was built about the period of the reign of Henry I. or of Stephen, and that its building came about owing to Mauritius, Bishop of London, resolving to build a cathedral (to replace the old one of St. Paul, destroyed in 1086) so magnificent that "men judged it would never be performed, it was so wonderful to them for height." Without any reference to the convenience of the public—a thing not much considered in those days—the Bishop enclosed a large space of ground for cemetery and churchyard on the slope of the hill, and thereby barred the great thoroughfare passing from Ludgate to Aldgate, west to east through the City. This obliged all the traffic to make a long *détour* either north or south of St. Paul's, so as to get round to Ludgate again, there being no other gate sufficiently large to be available on that side of London. Both routes, as Stowe remarks, were "very cumbersome and dangerous, both for horse and man. For remedy whereof a new gate was made and so called, by which men and cattle, with all manner of carriages, might pass more directly from Aldgate through West Cheap to St. Paul's on the North side, through St. Nicholas Shambles and Newgate Market to Newgate, and from thence to any part west-

ward over Holborn Bridge, or turning without the gate into Smithfield and through Iseldon [Islington] to any part north and by west." It is more probable, however, that this "new gate" was enlarged from a small one rather than newly made; for the straight road down Holborn from Tyburn would of necessity lead straight to this part of the wall, a fact which most likely helped in the choice of the new route made necessary by the Bishop's action. Some authorities support this view; and Major Griffiths, in his admirable *Chronicles of Newgate*, says that the site of the new gate was "identical with one which was long called Chamberlain's Gate, because that official had his Court in the Old Bailey hard by."

From its earliest days there has never, until quite recent times, been a good word said for Newgate Gaol. Foul, noisome, pestiferous, a hotbed of fever, disease, and vice of all kinds, it was one of the most prominent plague-spots that adorned "the good old times." The "heyhouse gaol of Newgate" is the name given to it in a letter which Mr. Loftie quotes in his *History of London*, which exists in the Guildhall Library. That it was overcrowded is but little wonder in the days when the fact of a man being proved "masterless" was sufficient to throw him into gaol, and when Master Roger le Skirmisour, "for keeping a fencing school for divers men, and for enticing thither the sons of respectable persons so as to waste and spend the propertie of their fathers and mothers upon bad practices, the result being that they themselves become bad men," was clapped into Newgate. In 1334 an official inquiry was made into the state of the prison, and a few of the horrors for which it was famous were exposed. The keepers' one idea was to extort all the money they could from the unfortunates committed to their charge, and to this end the latter were threatened and even tortured by their gaolers till they yielded. Tortures of all kinds were rife, and there was no discrimination made amongst the prisoners except in the case of those rich enough to pay heavily; prisoners under sentence of a few days' imprisonment were thrown into dark, filthy dungeons, there to herd with the most notorious criminals. Even for food, water, and clothing the prisoners were dependent on charity. In 1237 Sir John Pulteney gave four marks a year to relieve the wants of the Newgate prisoners. Sometimes their food was eked out by the bread of light weight which was seized by law and given to the prisoners, "and all food sold contrary to the statutes of the various guilds" also came to them. Even the water supply of the prison was, according to Stowe, a charitable gift—"Thomas Knowles, grocer, sometime Mayor of London, conveyed the waste of water at the cistern near unto the common fountain and chapel of Saint Nicholas to the gaols of Ludgate and Newgate for the relief of the prisoners." In 1381 the followers of Wat Tyler "brake up the prisons of Newgate and of both the Compters, destroyed the books, and set the prisoners at liberty." What amount of destruction was implied in the term "brake up" is not very clear, but that considerable damage was done is pretty certain, from the fact that, as soon after as the mayoralty of Whittington, the prison was almost in ruins, and it was thanks to a charitable bequest in his will that Newgate was rebuilt in 1422 by his executors. This building lasted just two hundred years, for in 1629 we find a petition from the gaoler to the King (which has been kept amongst the State Papers) stating that "by reason of the great ruins of the gaol it is now in hand to be repaired." He adds that there is considerable danger that some of the prisoners should attempt to escape while the repairs are going on, and with an eye to lessening the number he is responsible for, he prays directions to the Lord Mayor and the Recorder to certify how many prisoners are capable of his Majesty's mercy, and to the Attorney-General to prepare pardons. That this prayer was granted is proved by the endorsement on this document, "Reference to Recorder to certify, and to the Attorney-General to prepare a pardon," which is followed by a recommendation from the Recorder in question, Sir Heneage Finch, to release forty-four prisoners. This "repairing" of Newgate included a "new front and a new face," which are mentioned in Lupton's *London Carbonadoed*, published in 1638. Nothing further was done to Newgate for forty years, until the Great Fire of London in 1666 made a complete rebuilding necessary, which lasted about a hundred years, and was replaced by the present magnificently built prison, designed by the architect Dance, which even the Gordon rioters, whose burning of Newgate was so graphically described by Dickens in *Barnaby Rudge*, failed to destroy, though they effectually damaged every particle of wood and iron work in the building. The foundations alone of the present building cost 19,000*l.*; it was found necessary to sink them to a depth of forty feet, as the site was that of the ditch of the old London Wall. The whole building cost 90,000*l.*, exclusive of 15,000*l.* which was spent on the Sessions House of the Old Bailey. No one who has visited the present building can have failed to be struck with the massive strength of the building throughout; and, apart from its wealth of historical interest, going back over nearly a thousand years, the idea is forced upon one that it would be well for the authorities to think twice before destroying so superb and imposing a building, and erasing what may be called one of the oldest landmarks in the history of the metropolis.

LES DEMOISELLES DE SAINT-CYR.

IT seems probable that the fact of M. Mayer having been able to secure the services of Mlle. Reichenberg, MM. Coquelin cadet and Boucher of the Théâtre Français, and of Mlle. Malvau of the Gymnase, suggested to him that, with the conjunction of MM. Duclos and Charpentier—also from the Comédie—he had at disposal the cast of *Les Demoiselles de Saint-Cyr*, and that this explains why the comedy was revived; but in any case the revival was welcome. It is not, of course, one of the plays on which the reputation of Dumas mainly rests. When brought out at the Théâtre Français in July 1843 as the first of three pieces which Dumas had contracted to write on rather peculiar terms—payment for the second and third was to depend upon the receipts obtained by the first—*Les Demoiselles de Saint-Cyr* was scarcely a success; but there is much in it that is admirable and characteristic of the author, and it is a product of the most brilliant period of his career. To construct a five-act comedy the busy action of which is sustained by six characters (one of whom is very little employed) is in itself an extraordinary *tour de force*, especially seeing that the work is not made up, as are so many modern plays with a score and more of *dramatis persone*, of a series of duologues. It has not the strength and neatness of *Mademoiselle de Belle-Isle*, which preceded it by four years, and the plot is so far from original that other writers before Dumas had employed the main story which Boccaccio borrowed five centuries previously; but it is a wonderful thing that this comedy, the work of a master of stage craft, should have appeared a few months before the publication of the *Trois Mousquetaires*, which again preceded by a few months the story of *Monte Cristo*—masterpieces so widely different in style and motive.

We have observed that the comedy has been stigmatized as "old-fashioned," but in what respect this is so the critic who brings the charge omits to state. Is every piece old-fashioned if the hero does not wear the coat and trousers of the day? The plot of *Les Demoiselles de Saint-Cyr* is well devised, free from extravagance, adroit and effective; the dialogue certainly has nothing archaic about it, and is pointed and witty in its easy, unaffected way. Is *The School for Scandal* old-fashioned? If so, what a delightful thing it would be if some new-fashioned author would arise and write some old-fashioned plays! For our own part, we think the construction of *Les Demoiselles de Saint-Cyr* particularly skilful in its alternation of comedy and sentiment, with the rise and quickening of interest towards the end. The love affairs of Roger, Vicomte de Saint-Hérem, and Charlotte de Mérian, *pensionnaire* of Mme. de Maintenon's establishment near Versailles, cannot at the very first take firm hold of an audience; so here the dramatist wins his way by the humours introduced into the piece by Dubouloy, due to be married in two hours and twenty-five minutes, but ready to oblige his friend by devoting rather more than half that time to flirting with Louise, Charlotte's too constant companion, who is inconveniently attentive to the lovers. It is the province of the dramatist to supply his characters with opportunities for distinguishing themselves; and in the second act Charlotte has her chance of winning sympathy. By the mysterious pressure of Mme. de Maintenon, Roger has been forced to marry Charlotte, and on his return from the Bastille finds her installed in his hotel, Vicomtesse de Saint-Hérem, when, believing that she has connived at his arrest and compulsory marriage, he lays down his conditions—that she may enjoy his rank and fortune, but that no closer alliance between them is possible. Loving her husband, and thus unjustly accused, the representative of Charlotte may touch her audience if she can; and here again is the comic relief afforded by the ridiculous Dubouloy, who is just in the same position as his friend, and who strives to follow a like course, clumsily endeavouring to assume a dignity which does not belong to his disposition. It has always seemed to us that the mistake of the comedy is in making the simple schoolgirl of the first act become the woman of the world who, in the third act, is found to have followed her husband to Madrid, and is able there with so much tact to play off the King of Spain against him. Dubouloy is constantly at hand to present the intrigue in a comic light, contrasting with the earnestness of Roger, who cannot help loving his bride devotedly, furious as he is rendered by his unfounded suspicions. The fashion of the play may be old, but it is certainly excellent.

Of the representation at the Royalty little need be said, because we think it safe to suppose that readers who take an interest in the stage are perfectly well acquainted with the methods of Mlle. Reichenberg, M. Boucher, and probably of Mlle. Malvau. The character of Louise makes little demand upon its exponent, but Mlle. Reichenberg imparts to it a natural gaiety which renders it notable. The girl is full of vivacity and love of mischief, and by many adroit touches the idea is realized. Mlle. Malvau, as Charlotte, finds no scope for the exhibition of the dramatic power she has at command. The part, it might be thought, is almost too light for her style, though sentiment and emotion are necessary in certain scenes; but she adapts herself so well to the character, that sympathy attends her from the moment when in the second act the sincerity of Charlotte's affection for her husband is revealed. M. Boucher does not make us forget the inimitable ease and lightness of touch with which M. Delaunay graced such parts; still, the inevitable should not be regretted, and we pay M. Boucher a very high but a well-deserved compliment when we say that he shows himself not unworthy to succeed,

if he cannot quite replace, the great *jeune premier*. M. Coquelin cadet broadly but very amusingly depicts the humours of Dubouloy; M. Duclos as the Duc d'Anjou and M. Charpentier as the Duc d'Harcourt acquit themselves well.

WAR-HORSES.

IT must be admitted that the political horizon is less clear at the present moment than it was some nineteen years ago, when Lord Granville made his celebrated pronouncement to the effect that "all was peace" wherever one looked. In something less than a month after the then Foreign Secretary had complacently let this pearl of wisdom fall from his lips the Emperor of the French declared war against Prussia, and from July until the following March, the Continent—or, at all events, a large slice of it—was literally in flames. What happened in 1870 under Napoleon may not improbably happen in 1889 under Boulanger, whose elevation to the Dictatorship is but a work of time; and then comes the question, What will England do? The good luck which attends us in the political "odd-man-out" game has hitherto generally enabled us to keep a sufficiently safe distance from the fray; but it must be evident to the least astute student of political affairs that the Continental Powers are continually improving both their arms and their armies, strengthening their frontier fortresses, and generally putting themselves in fighting order, whereas we are more than ever possessed by the demon of procrastination, never knowing "what England will do" until the moment for doing it has vanished into the limbo of the past. We read in that portion of the daily papers sacred to Reuter and his collectors of those "facts" which were so precious in the eyes of Mr. Gladstone, that "the Italian Government is buying 4,000 horses in Hungary for the army." There is nothing even approaching the "sensational" in that announcement. It is the most ordinary scrap of intelligence conceivable to that pampered individual "the general reader"; yet it is not without its significance, if only because of the complete and, to adopt the argot of "the club and drawing-room," "ghastly" failure which attended the efforts of those gallant officers whom we sent out to Canada to buy horses rather more than two years ago.

So far as we know, the whole story of that special mission has never been told in print, and we will proceed to sketch it, merely premising that the statements now made are not only facts, but official facts, which there is no gainsaying. There was no particular "war scare" in 1886, but on the 10th of June in that year some English officers, headed by Colonel F. G. Ravenhill, R.A., sailed for Canada, charged by the Adjutant-General of the Forces to purchase 300 horses in Canada, "and to inquire into and report on the capacity of that colony to afford a certain supply of horses." On the 24th of October following the Commission of officers returned to England, "having purchased 83 remounts, three of which died on passage, leaving 80 horses to be landed." To thoroughly understand the bearings of this deeply-important question, it must be remembered that for years we have been hugging to ourselves the delusion that "Canada" was a panacea for all the ills that the political flesh could ever be heir to. If we run short of corn—O, we can get it from Canada. Do we want timber for shipbuilding? send to Canada. Is our army in need of strengthening? why not try Canada? Are we short of horses for military use? Canada is overstocked with them! In fact, of late years "Canada" has had upon our statesmen and politicians that soothing effect invariably experienced by the old lady whenever she heard "that blessed word Mesopotamia." We might have lived on in this fool's paradise but for the rude awakening caused by the story told by the officers who were sent to Canada to buy 300 horses for our army, and who returned confessing their inability to obtain more than 83. To acquire this limited number of "remounts," as they are technically termed, our Commissioners had to travel, during the 137 days they were absent, 20,755 miles, and to examine 7,674 horses, of which they registered 1,025 to look at a second time. Now, how is this inability to purchase more than 83 horses in all Canada to be accounted for? In the first place, the great proportion of horses to be met with are unsound or blemished from having been overworked or uncared for when young. Then, too, the great bulk of the horses in the ranches which are for sale are but three years old and under; and, again, a very large number of Canadian horses are too small for British cavalry purposes; whilst many are altogether too heavy for artillery. It is interesting to know that the Commissioners made their purchases principally in the province of Ontario, where, it is affirmed, the best horses the Dominion produces are to be found; and that the officers charged with this important duty visited the ranches in the North-West Territories along the eastern slopes of the Rocky Mountains and in British Columbia, where the horses were all under age. That the Commissioners did not think very highly of the Canadian horses in general is certain, since they stated that the quality and number for army purposes are "neither good nor great," although "their colours, dispositions, reliability, and tractability are throughout very striking and good." One rather important fact ought not to be overlooked in any discussions on this subject which may arise when Parliament reassembles, and that is that during 1885—the year before the visit of our Commissioners—North America and

Canada had been overrun by a Committee of French officers on a similar errand, with what result we are not informed.

Although more than two years have elapsed since our Commissioners returned, bringing their absurdly limited number of horses with them, we are not aware that up to now any practical effect has been given to the suggestion made by them to Lord Wolseley—namely, that, “if a purchasing-officer were permanently stationed in the Dominion, he might, during the six winter months, be able to buy from 200 to 300 horses in Canada West at from 32*l.* to 38*l.* each, including cost of transit to port of embarkation, procuring a corresponding number in the summer months from the ranches in the North-West and British Columbia at from 26*l.* to 30*l.* each, delivered on board ship; half of the whole being fitted for cavalry and half for artillery; the numbers estimated as procurable throughout would be found to increase after the first year, when breeders learnt that the trade was developing, and especially so in the Western ranches, where attention has only been paid to horse-breeding in the last three or four years.” Lord Wolseley is by no means averse to taking the public into his confidence on matters in which he has a personal concern. Less than a week ago he let off some unusually dazzling fireworks in, strange to say, that good old peace-loving town Birmingham; he might surely, then, acquaint us, either in or out of Parliament—on the platform, or in one of his favourite magazines—with “the reason why” nothing has been done respecting the suggestions made by the Commission of officers sent out to Canada by his direction in the summer of 1886. It is worth noting that the Commissioners are of opinion that, in the event of an emergency arising, “a limited number of horses might be obtained in Canada at slightly increased prices.” Two thousand remounts in six months, say the Canadian authorities; but Colonel Ravenhill would “prefer putting it at 2,000 in twelve months,” and there can be but little, if any, doubt that he is right, inasmuch as he studied the whole subject on the spot with a persistence that entitles him to the warmest praise. “Riding-horses for British cavalry and artillery, and those draught animals for the Royal Horse Artillery which are difficult to obtain in England, are not,” it appears, “met with in any numbers in Canada, though in the ranches very many promising three-year-olds and young stock are growing into shape, and may be available to select from in future years.” The reader who takes an interest in the subject will be curious to know what our Commissioners paid for the remounts which they purchased in 1886. The total amount paid for the eighty horses was 2,581*l.* 16*s.*, being at the average rate of 31*l.* 10*s.* 1*d.* a horse; and “it is considered that, for transport purposes in case of active service, a considerable number of ‘serviceably’ sound, suitable animals could be got at a much cheaper rate than the price now (i.e. in 1886) being paid at home (45*l.* per head), though it would take some time to collect and procure any number.”

We had almost overlooked an important point, and that is, the possibility of our getting horses in Canada for use in our Indian army. There is no room for doubting that, if we could invent some plan for promoting the increase and quality of horses in the Dominion, we could, at no very long interval, afford to send some of the Canadian troopers to India, the Commissioners having ascertained, from inquiries which they made at Port Moody, that horses could be sent down to and embarked on the Pacific side of Canada as well as from the Atlantic. The cost of bringing the horses to London was 8*l.* 14*s.* 8*d.* each, thus raising the individual price to 43*l.*, exclusive of their keep in Canada, which is reckoned at about two shillings a day. Here for the present we may take leave of a subject which cannot be too widely discussed, for a repetition, in time of war, of the “horse famines” from which we have suffered only too often of late years might mean not merely a humiliation such as the French sustained in '70, but a long train of national disasters, if not national ruin.

RECENT CONCERTS.

THE year 1889 has not, so far, been a very exciting or interesting one to the musician. Benoit's *Lucifer*, the promised production of which at the Albert Hall on the 16th was looked for with much curiosity, was replaced by Berlioz's *Faust*, and the work of the Belgian musician, who is one of the most interesting figures in the musical world now living, has been apparently postponed indefinitely. The Popular Concerts, which were resumed on the 7th, have been comparatively uneventful, the performances for the most part consisting of well-known compositions, performed by well-known artists. Mme. Haas, who has not previously appeared so often as pianist at these concerts, chose as her solo, on the 19th, Beethoven's Sonata Op. 110, which she played with her usual extreme accuracy and care, though with a curious want of force. Her reading of the work was certainly a new one, though what was gained in grace hardly atoned for the loss of fire and vigour. The main attraction of the concert for the public was evidently Beethoven's Septet, a work which is still a great favourite, especially at young ladies' schools, where it is known in various four-hand arrangements, though most musicians now tolerably agree that the composer's own estimate of it in his mature years was correct. The Quartet was Haydn's “God preserve the Emperor,” and the vocalist was Mr. Santley, who sang Schubert's “Erlkönig,” Mendelssohn's

“Hirtenslied,” and Hatton's “To Anthea.” At the concert of the 21st Mme. Haas was again the pianist. She was associated with Signor Piatti in Mendelssohn's Violoncello and Pianoforte Sonata, Op. 45, and played by way of solo an arrangement by Liszt of Bach's Organ Prelude and Fugue in A minor. Considering that the work is essentially organ music, and can often be heard in its original form, it seems a pity that so able a pianist should waste her talents on such an arrangement; there are many of the same composer's Clavier Suites which would have been more welcome in its stead. The remaining numbers of the programme were a song, “Come to me in my dreams,” by Miss Maude White, sung in a jerky and disagreeable style by Miss Helen d'Alton, and Schubert's great Octet, a work which has now become so thoroughly popular at these concerts that it succeeds in keeping nearly the whole audience seated until the last note. On this occasion, instead of making the usual break between the Scherzo and Andante, the Octet was played straight through. The experiment was certainly a success; for, long as the work is, its freshness and charm are so great and so extraordinarily sustained that not the least weariness is felt in listening to it from beginning to end. On Saturday last the performance included Beethoven's Quintet in C major; the same master's Sonata in G major, Op. 30, No. 3, for pianoforte and violin; and a selection from Schumann's *Carnaval*. The latter was played by Mlle. Janotha in her best style; but, as if to prove that genius—especially in pianists—can never be relied upon, she played, for an encore, Schumann's “Arabesque” in a thoroughly slipshod and scrambling fashion. The vocalist was Mr. Brereton, who introduced the magnificent air “Arise, ye subterranean winds,” from Purcell's music to Dryden's version of *The Tempest*. Modern audiences are usually so ignorant of the history of English music that it might have been well to have printed a few words in the programme as to the date when this song was written. To many people it would have been a surprise to learn that it cannot have been composed later than when Handel and Bach were only five years old, and that it probably dates from a few years earlier, though it would perhaps have been a disappointment to the well-informed lady who was overheard last Saturday informing a friend that “Purcell was an Elizabethan composer!” The song was sung by Mr. Brereton in excellent style, and created a marked impression. He would do good service to English art by reviving some of the other numerous fine scenes from the same work. Last Monday's concert brought forward a novelty in the shape of a new Sonata for violoncello and pianoforte by Signor Piatti, the third work of the kind from his pen which has been heard at these concerts, where its predecessors were produced respectively in 1885 and 1886. The new work, as was only to be expected, is admirably written, and while never departing from accepted forms, it never degenerates into pedantry and dullness, but is remarkable even at a first hearing for its geniality and charm. Such music is always welcome, and would hold its own even if it came from the pen of a less distinguished man, and one who was not such an old favourite, as Signor Piatti. Of the three movements of which it consists, the opening “Allegro Energico” is much the best; the Romanza and Finale, “Allegro ma non troppo,” somewhat suffer in consequence. The Sonata was admirably played by the composer and Miss Fanny Davies, and was received with loud applause. The programme also included Mozart's String Quartet in C major, Haydn's Pianoforte Trio in the same key, No. 3, and Schumann's “Fantasiestücke,” Op. 111, pianoforte solo, in which Miss Fanny Davies once more showed how she has improved this season. Miss Liza Schumann was announced as the vocalist, but was prevented from appearing owing to hoarseness. Her place was taken by Miss Margaret Hall, who sang two charming songs by Mr. A. Goring Thomas, “Midi au Village” and “Ma Voisine,” with great refinement and finish.

On the 17th Mr. Dannreuther began his nineteenth series of Chamber Concerts at 12 Orme Square. The programme consisted of a new (MS.) Octet for two violins, two violas, two violoncellos, and two horns, the composition of Mr. Henry Holmes, Schumann's Pianoforte Sonata, Op. 11, and Bach's Suite in B minor for flute, two violins, viola, violoncello, and bass, which was played from a recently published edition with the figured bars written out by Robert Franz. Miss Anna Williams was also announced to sing an air from Dr. Hubert Parry's *Judith*, and songs by Wagner; but she failed to appear. It would obviously be unfair to give a definite opinion of so complex and difficult work as Mr. Holmes's Octet after a single hearing, and without having had an opportunity of examining the score. Mr. Holmes is no tiro at composition—his new work is labelled Op. 58—and he is known to have tried his powers in almost every kind of composition. Yet he cannot be said to have attained a definite place among native composers, and the Octet in F will hardly be likely to give him a wider reputation. He has science and gifts of melody; but his workmanship is too often marred by a deliberate striving at what is beyond his power. Difficulties of execution are piled up remorselessly for their own sakes; the continuity of the music is perpetually being broken, merely (it would seem) from a desire to imitate certain features in Beethoven's later quartets; and the general effect is of a laboured striving combined with patchiness of detail. A further hearing of the Octet would probably modify some of the impressions produced on its first performance; but, as a whole, the work, though

entitled to every respect, cannot be regarded as satisfactory. The movement which pleased most on the 17th was the second one, an Andante with variations. Mr. Dannreuther's performance of Schumann's Sonata was extremely fine; but the most interesting number of the programme was the Suite of Bach's, a delightful work, which seemed exactly fitted for the size of the room, and could not have been more perfectly played.

A curious experiment has been tried this week by that devoted admirer of Wagner, Herr Carl Armbruster, who has conceived the singularly unfortunate idea of performing *Tristan und Isolde* at three afternoon Recitals, accompanied only by a grand pianoforte, Acts I. and II. being given last Monday and Thursday, while Act III. is to conclude the series next Monday. The announcement of these Recitals contained a note to the effect that "Mr. Armbruster is perfectly well aware that the mere pianoforte rendering of the master's complicated score cannot give amateurs an adequate idea of the unsurpassed beauties of the work; but as there is no probability of the work being performed on the London operatic stage for some considerable time to come, he has consented to undertake the Recitals in deference to the wishes of numerous amateurs who are anxious to become acquainted with the work, be it even with only a pianoforte accompaniment. *Tristan und Isolde* is in some respects Wagner's most characteristic work; it is certainly the one which, even when indifferently performed, produces the most extraordinary effect. In it the composer has carried to the utmost extreme his theories of the possibility of forming a new art from a combination of music, poetry, painting, and acting. No one knows this better than Mr. Armbruster, and from his own confession no one can know better than he that the "numerous amateurs" who were "anxious to become acquainted with the work" would simply learn the vulnerable points in Wagner's theory by hearing such a performance as that at the Portman Rooms. How any one who knows and loves the work could have consented to such a display it is difficult to conceive. The voice-parts in *Tristan und Isolde* are so intimately woven up with the score that the effect produced by detaching them from it with only a pianoforte accompaniment was something like a recital by some six instruments of the orchestra, and those not very good of their kind. The performance is said to have been instigated by the London Wagner Society; it is probably useless to expect a sense of humour from monomaniacs, but even the dullest wit could not have failed to be struck with the ludicrous spectacle presented by six ladies and gentlemen standing in a row in a London concert-room, and representing such passionate scenes as the close of Act I. of *Tristan und Isolde* and the discovery of the fate-doomed lovers by King Mark. If Wagner were alive he would, indeed, have cause to exclaim, "Defend me from my friends!" Since his death his marvellous genius has become every year more widely recognized, and his works are no longer in need of the noisy and indiscriminating chorus of worship bestowed upon them by his ill-advised band of adherents. Such an undertaking as this of Mr. Armbruster's can serve no good purpose, and will only cause the opponents of Wagner to revive the foolish attacks which are now nearly silenced. Apart from the general question of the wisdom of the performance, there was not much to find fault with in the manner in which it was done. Miss Pauline Cramer, who sang the arduous part of Isolde, is always intensely in earnest; indeed, her enthusiasm is apt sometimes to carry her away, but her declamation is excellent, even though the inequalities of her voice and the defects of her style are occasionally apparent. Miss Margaret Hoare was overweighed as Brangaene, and Mr. William Nicholl, who is a good singer of *Lieder*, has not the physique for a part like Tristan. Mr. Cunliffe's Kunoel was not deficient in a rough force, which suited the character, but Mr. Grove (King Mark) and Mr. Henry Phillips, who sang the music of the Shepherd, Sailor, and Melot, were unequal to their difficult tasks. Mr. Armbruster's accompaniment was excellent; but the whole performance only left the impression of sorrow that so much enthusiasm and good work should be used in so wrong a direction.

REVIEWS.

ACROSS ASIA ON A BICYCLE.*

THE first portion of Mr. Stevens's narrative of his tour round the world on a bicycle, published last year, gave the record of his experiences from San Francisco to Teheran; the concluding portion, just issued, describes his adventures in Persia, Afghanistan, India, China, and Japan, whence he completed the circle by steamer to his starting-point at San Francisco. The second is undoubtedly the more interesting volume of the two, owing to the unparalleled nature of the feat accomplished by Mr. Stevens. The whole of his route, with the exception of that in India, led him into tracks where no bicycle had ever been seen before; and no inconsiderable part lay in regions where scarcely any European traveller of any sort had ever passed. Absolute lack of knowledge of the language of a country proved no bar to his getting through it; in many places all information as to his route had to

be picked up as best he could by signs. Absolutely alone he ventured into the strongholds of two of the most fanatical peoples in the world, the Afghans and the Chinese; and nothing but his consummate coolness and command of temper could have brought him unscathed out of what it must be allowed was a most foolhardy enterprise. It must be remembered, too, that Mr. Stevens was no *vacuus viator* who could afford to sing because he was not worth the robbing; he was obliged to carry gold enough on his person to defray the expenses of the journey, and Orientals must have been quite shrewd enough to be aware of this. Constant apprehension on this score would have unnerved most men, and rendered rest almost impossible. Mr. Stevens's self-reliance, however, proved more than equal to all demands on it. He more than once turned the tables on would-be assailants on his purse, forcing them to sue abjectly for pardon; while his imperturbable good nature disarmed the insults of angry crowds of fanatics. Yet even these invaluable qualities would hardly have borne him harmless had it not been for what he no doubt at the time scarcely considered his good luck in being arrested and sent on under escort at the two most critical periods of his journey.

After crossing America, Europe, and Asia Minor on his bicycle and reaching Teheran, as narrated in his former volume, Mr. Stevens passed the winter of 1885-6 in the Persian capital, employing his time in acquiring some colloquial knowledge of Persian, and in considering the best route for attempting to reach the Pacific coast. He decided on going through Turkestan and Southern Siberia to the Amoor Valley, and, on the faith of assurances of facilities from the Russian Envoy at Teheran, started for Meshed on the 10th of March. The road so far presented no particular difficulties; leading as it does to the most frequented shrine in Central Asia, it is much travelled by pilgrims, and, as the telegraph extends along it up to Meshed, Mr. Stevens was often able to find sleeping quarters at the houses of the telegraph employés, who had been warned of his approach by his telegraphist friends at Teheran. Only a few years ago the inhabitants of this northern part of Persia, known as the "district of terror," lived in constant dread of the slave-hunting incursions of the Turcomans, as is attested by the refuge towers erected at frequent intervals, into which the cultivators of the soil could creep for safety and keep the Turcomans at bay until assistance arrived. Happily this state of things no longer exists. The Russian advance to Merv has at least conferred on civilization the advantage of extinguishing this danger at once and for ever. But no wonder that Russian intrigue should make headway along the Perso-Turcoman frontier, since, as Mr. Stevens remarks, "the people can scarcely help being favourably impressed by the stoppage of Turcoman devilry in their midst and the wholesale liberation of Persian slaves." The bicycle naturally excited much curiosity, and Mr. Stevens was often indebted for his supper and lodging to an exhibition of his riding powers; the wondrous *asp-i-archan* (iron horse) even opened to an observant Ferenghi the seclusion of the harem, and he was called on to give a strictly private performance for the benefit of the unveiled beauties. Mr. Stevens was subjected to much annoyance from the unrestrained prying curiosity of the crowds that gathered around him at every halting-place; every mouthful that he took, his toilet, his ablutions, and even his sleep were watched by an inquisitive audience, who, when hunted off the premises by his temporary host, frequently perched on the adjacent walls and housetops to continue their inspection. He was obliged at times, when starting in the morning, to put on a spurt and out-distance the mob, so as to eat the bread pocketed in disgust at the caravanserai in the peace and quietude of the desert. When three hundred miles from Teheran Mr. Stevens was overtaken by a telegram informing him that, in spite of the assurances of the Russian Minister, permission was refused to him to go through the Turcoman country. He telegraphed on to Meshed to obtain leave either to go on to the camp of the Afghan Boundary Commission, and accompany them back to India, or else to reach India from the camp alone. On reaching Meshed—the furthest point in the direction of the Afghan frontier attained by the telegraph—Mr. Stevens had to wait a week until the return of the courier with the answer. During the delimitation of the Afghan and Turkestan boundary the English Government had taken charge of the Teheran and Meshed telegraph line, and had three English employés on the road; so that, thanks to the boundary troubles, Mr. Stevens enjoyed the hospitality of what he, somewhat curiously, calls three *other* Europeans on the first six hundred miles of his journey. The holy city of Meshed, and the hospitality of Mr. Gray, the telegraphist to the Boundary Commission there, afforded no unpleasant resting-place to the traveller. While waiting there he was warned by a telegram from the British *Chargé d'affaires* at Teheran that he must not attempt to cross the frontier of Afghanistan at any point; and the expected courier, when he did come, brought the discouraging answer that it was useless for him to think of coming to the camp, because, in the first place, the Afghans would never allow him to get there, and, secondly, if he did manage to reach it, he would never be able to get away again. Mr. Stevens finds fault with the English Legation for not having told him before he left Teheran that he must not cross the Afghan frontier; but he forgets that when he started there was no question of his going anywhere near it, as he had arranged to go through Turkestan to the Amoor. For the interference with his plans in this latter respect British diplomacy at least is not responsible; and, as after events proved,

* *Around the World on a Bicycle: from Teheran to Yokohama.* By Thomas Stevens. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1888.

the Boundary Commission were quite right in their advice. Mr. Stevens would not take no for an answer, but determined to go southwards within the Persian frontier to Beerjand, the seat of government of the Ameer of Seistan, and to try to make his way thence across Afghanistan to Quetta. On the 6th of April accordingly he started with letters of introduction in his pocket, one of which concluded with the remark that "the Sahib of his own choice is travelling like a dervish, with no protection but the protection of Allah." He was now beyond the reach of the telegraph and on tracks unbeaten by any Western traveller. Much of the country was desert only frequented by wandering Eliautes. Even their hospitality, however, was better than his reception in a Persian town, where he was mobbed and threatened with personal violence in the wild eagerness of the inhabitants to see him ride. At Beerjand, three hundred miles from Meshed, he was well received by the Ameer, who tried to dissuade him from venturing into Afghanistan, but, finding him obstinate, gave him an escort of three horsemen to guide him across the "Desert of Despair." In their company he crossed the Desert in five days' march, and entered Afghanistan at a point nearer to Quetta than to the Boundary Commission Camp. Three more days brought him to the deep and rapid Harood, which he crossed by swimming, while some nomads carried the bicycle over, but could scarcely be induced to accept any remuneration—a great contrast to the money-grabbing Persians who escorted him. On the 24th of April, eighteen days after leaving Meshed, Mr. Stevens rode his bicycle through the gate of the walled city of Furrah, where he was promptly arrested by smart-looking soldiers, wearing the red jackets of British infantry and Royal Artillery caps, taken probably from the field of Maiwand. The Afghan commander received him civilly, and even supplied him with boots and soap, though they took him at first for a Russian spy, owing to his ignorance of Hindustani. Their admiration of his personal courage in venturing alone into their midst had probably influenced their reception of him, but he was soon given to understand that he could not be allowed to go on. After a detention of two days he was sent with a strong guard of soldiers to Herat, five days' march due north. Mr. Stevens was not allowed to enter that city, but was kept captive in a garden on the outskirts until the pleasure of "Ridgway Sahib" concerning him could be known. He was treated, however, with every consideration, and gunsmiths were even sent to mend the wheel of his bicycle, which had been broken while being carried on horseback. The Boundary Camp was two hundred miles distant, and eight days elapsed before instructions were received from it to the effect that the prisoner was to be at once conducted back to Persia. The Afghan officers carefully explained that this was for his own sake, pleading that if he went on and got killed Afghanistan would get a bad name. Mr. Stevens was accordingly escorted across the Persian frontier, and made the best of his way back to Meshed. From that place he travelled to Asterabad, crossed the Caspian, and reached Constantinople *via* Tiflis and the Black Sea.

By the end of July Mr. Stevens landed in India at Karachi, and, as Scinde was flooded, he proceeded by rail to Lahore, and there resumed his bicycle journey at a point about seven hundred miles as the crow flies from where it had been interrupted at Furrah. From Lahore to Calcutta it was easy wheeling for 1,300 miles along the Grand Trunk Road, which Mr. Stevens accomplished in about six weeks; the only obstacle was the great heat of the Indian summer, which obliged him to reduce the distance he could cover to about thirty miles a day. He certainly saw more of native Indian life in the time than most travellers in these days of railroads are able to do.

To cross overland with a bicycle from India to China was beyond the range of possibility, so Mr. Stevens went by steamer, reaching Hong Kong on the 7th of October. As soon as he had obtained a passport from the Viceroy at Canton Mr. Stevens plunged at once into the interior of China; his first day's work showed him the difficulty of finding the road in a country where he was absolutely ignorant of the language; the accommodation at the inns was filthy, and the food disgusting beyond description; while the fanaticism of the people against *Fankwaes*, or foreign devils, was aggravated by rumours of the French expedition to Tonquin. On one occasion he had to take refuge from a crowd of pursuers by hiding in a bamboo swamp for the night, and on another he was mobbed and had his sun-helmet knocked off by an excited crowd. After crossing on foot a range of mountains, trundling his bicycle before him, Mr. Stevens descended the valley of the Kan Kiang, an affluent of the Yang Tsi Kiang. At the town of Ki-ngan he was barely saved from the fury of a riotous mob by being arrested by the Imperial authorities, and secretly conveyed after dark on board a sampan, which floated him down the river for ten days; finally, on the 17th of November, the adventurous traveller reached Kii-Kiang, at the junction of the Yang Tsi Kiang, where he was welcomed at the English Consulate. A day's steaming down the river brought him to Shanghai, which he left in twenty-four hours on board a Japanese steamer bound for Nagasaki, thoroughly glad to escape from the hardships and ever-present danger of the Celestial kingdom.

Japan seemed a veritable paradise after China; everything was delightful; the roads good, the tea-houses clean, and the people most friendly and obliging. The eight hundred miles between Nagasaki and Yokohama were accomplished by Mr. Stevens in little over three weeks of constantly varied interest and enjoyment. Yokohama was reached a few days before Christmas, and

brought to a close his most eventful bicycle journey round the world, in which he had actually wheeled a distance of about 13,500 miles. The narrative is interesting throughout, and written in an unpretending manner, free from all attempts to magnify the author's performances. The book is moreover well illustrated; but lacks an index, and would have been much improved by the addition of a map of the author's route—a want which, in the case of little-known regions like Khorassan and China, annoys the reader by constantly driving him to consult an atlas.

NOVELS.*

THE author of *Molly Bawn* shows a sad falling off in *Under-Currents*. All the faults of her earlier novels are here intensified, while the good qualities which made us condone those faults are less apparent than usual. The present story might have been made to do duty fairly well as a one-volume novel; to swell it out to fill three the quarrels and misunderstandings of one pair of lovers, and the somewhat flippant billing and cooing of another pair, are repeated over and over again with wearisome sameness. Many of the chapters might be transposed without materially affecting the story. Mr. Gregory Dysart is a most consummate villain, with as passionate a love for flowers as Hawthorne's Rappaccini. The only soft spot in his black heart is his absorbing love for his only son Seaton. This objectionable old gentleman, having swindled his brother's orphan daughters out of their inheritance, takes them to live with him, insults them on every possible occasion, and makes them eat the grudging and bitter bread of dependence. Of course one of these beautiful girls (disinherited girls in fiction must be beautiful) is bound to have a love affair with her cousin. Whether or no in real life it is well to begin "with a little aversion," in novels such a beginning certainly adds a little spice and liveliness to the love-making. The fault of *Under-Currents* is that the author forgets that it should be a "little" aversion. Vera Dysart, for little or no cause, hates her cousin too much, and persistently insults and speaks bitterly to him in a manner that is not only unladylike, but also unwomanly and unfeeling. Seaton, who is a complete contrast to his father, as a rule bears her abuse too angelically; but even he is sometimes roused to retaliate, and the reader rejoices when he does so. The love-making between the younger Miss Dysart and Mr. Tom Peyton is occasionally amusing, but, unfortunately, it sometimes degenerates into a flippancy that approaches vulgarity. Tom and Griselda are, however, so true, so single-minded, and honest in their love-making that much may be forgiven them. The book ends well, old Gregory Dysart being killed by an accomplice, whom he himself tries to murder, and so satisfactorily disposed of. It is strange that old Mr. Dysart, whose intellect is supposed to be at least equal to his wickedness, should, instead of destroying the document which would prove his fraud, have kept it by him and have gloated over it with almost as much satisfaction as over the ill-gotten gold which it gave him. In spite, however, of its many faults, this book, if freely skipped, remains easy and pleasant reading.

Herne Lodge should have been published as a shilling dreadful. Mr. and Mrs. Welter, a young married couple, take a pretty, rather lonely detached house in the suburbs. It has a forsaken look, and is let cheap, having the reputation of being haunted. No ghosts appear, the only mysterious element being that they and their friend, Mr. Ralph Goring, perpetually find themselves followed and watched by a transcendently beautiful young woman with a look of deep melancholy and distress, who scrapes acquaintance with them by bringing back their strayed dog Peter. Peter, by the way, though little is said of him, is the best character in the book. Miss Arthur, the mysterious damsel, is a teacher of languages in the neighbourhood; and the Welters, still knowing nothing about her, invite her to stay with them, to the great disgust of Ralph Goring—who, however, of course, falls in love with her. Welter and Ralph Goring, although they several times see Miss Arthur prowling about the house at night with a plan, and suspect her of having stolen the cellar key, and though there are various other suspicious circumstances, never lose faith in her. This is a rough sketch of the first volume, and is calculated to make the reader expect to be thrilled to the end. The greater part of the second volume is taken up with a manuscript written by Miss Arthur's father, and dug up by her in an inner cellar of Herne Lodge. This manuscript, while it is unnecessarily horrible and nasty, at the same time falls very flat. The father's story breaks in too much upon the daughter's story, which is far the more interesting of the two, and leaves the author only space to finish up the latter in a manner that is not only needlessly ghastly, but also hurried and inartistic.

The scene of *A Crown of Shame* is an island in the West Indies which the author calls San Diego. Lizzie Fellowes, a young lady who says "whatever" when she means "what," and who practises medicine on her own account, is the daughter of the doctor on

* *Under-Currents*. By the Author of "Phyllis," "Molly Bawn," &c. 3 vols. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1888.

Herne Lodge. By the Earl of Desart, Author of "My Lord and Lady Piccadilly" &c. 2 vols. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1888.

A Crown of Shame. By Florence Marryat, Author of "Love's Conflict" &c. 3 vols. London: White & Co. 1888.

the plantation of the rich Mr. Courtney. Liz, although she is a good, pure, noble woman, is generally supposed to be the mother of a little white child which mysteriously makes its appearance at the doctor's bungalow. Lizzie knows that it is the child of Maraquita, the only daughter of Mr. Courtney, but her father, who dies about this time, has sworn her to secrecy. He is under great obligations to his old friend, Mr. Courtney, whose name he had forged in his youth, and Courtney has not only saved him from prosecution, but has protected and befriended him all his life. Liz has been engaged to Henri de Courcelles, overseer on the plantation and the father of Maraquita's child. Though knowing whose the child is, Henri makes the suspicions thrown on Liz an excuse for breaking off his engagement. He and Maraquita are a very suitable pair; she is, on the whole, the most heartless, but he is quite as selfish and more actively wicked. The author, however, seems to preserve a sort of affection for her male villain all through the book, and appears to think that Maraquita's fault would have been condoned had she owned her child and been faithful to Henri. This she does not do, but marries the governor of the island, Sir Russell Johnson. A more ridiculous and unlife-like caricature than his portrait we have seldom met with. It is ridiculous without being in the least amusing. The subject of this story is very unpleasant, and the author does not treat it in a manner to make it less so. Liz begins by being rather a fine and noble character, but as the book proceeds all that is good in her is covered so completely by false sentiment as to be almost entirely effaced. This same false sentiment is especially apparent in the finale of the book, which is truly absurd, and after the style of a third-rate melodrama. When Henri, after every kind of wickedness, is killed by a negro in the last chapter, Liz exclaims:—"You are going to God!"

PENDLE HILL.*

THIS volume might not inappropriately be styled the Eulogy of Pendle, and those who have climbed its steep sides or viewed its giant form as it dominates so large a tract of Lancashire and Yorkshire will not begrudge the hill an historian who is nothing if not laudatory. His industry is equal to his enthusiasm; his heart warms to all who have in any way come within the shadow of Pendle, and an easy optimism leads him to transform into swans some birds that never were "ugly ducklings." Thus the long passage at p. 391, in oddly inappropriate glorification of "that gifted master of comparative and archaeological criticism, the Rev. Alexander B. Grosart, LL.D., F.S.A., of St. George's, Blackburn," who, we are told, "glories in graces of style, and glows with enthusiasm at every chance of entering into the joys and sorrows, the passions and disappointments of the author on whose works he is engaged," can only make Dr. Grosart's judicious admirers grieve. Nor does Mr. McKay always succeed in being accurate. Thus we are told that the founder of the extinct sect or school of the Grindletonians "has been overlooked by all popular writers, and forgotten by all modern biographers"; whilst as a matter of fact there is a careful notice of him in *The Dictionary of National Biography*, an independent account of his writings in *Book-lore*, and references to him in Halley's *Lancashire*, Whitaker's *Craven*, Whitaker's *Whalley*, and in *Notes and Queries*. What more would Mr. McKay desire for an obscure poet who lived two centuries ago in an obscure village, even though that village happens to be Grindleton, at the foot of the big end of Pendle? But though the author "glories in the graces of style," and indulges in philological and historical speculations that could easily be spared, his book has real merit, and could only have been written by one who is an enthusiast and to the manner born. The view from Pendle is a fine one, and embraces the great castle of Clitheroe, the ruined abbey of Sawley and Whalley, Longridge Fell, the town of Preston, the sea at Southport and Morecambe, whilst it is said that under favourable conditions York Minster may be seen on one hand and Lancaster Castle on the other. Mr. McKay calls up the savage Briton and the conquering Roman, and bids us watch the warfare of the pioneers of Christianity against Pendle Paganism. Then we reach firmer ground, and the monks and mystics, including Rymington, the opponent of Wycliffe, and Abbot Paslew, who was hanged for his share in the Pilgrimage of Grace, and George Fox, the Quaker, who had here his "first illumination," are duly noted. The Pendle patricians, with the stately homes in which they lived, and the stately churches in which they worshipped, are worthy of the care bestowed upon them. The story of the Pendle witches is worth re-telling, and it is but a specimen of the folk-lore of that bleak region. A story which Mr. McKay says "has a truly Lancashire flavour" (p. 339) is one already known to the readers of Grimm, and is familiar in many lands. The connexion of Spenser with the Pendle country is strongly insisted upon. The freshest portion of Mr. McKay's work is that dealing with Pendle literature. Drayton, John Webster, Wordsworth, Canon Parkinson, Harrison Ainsworth, Kay-Shuttleworth, P. G. Hamerton, William and Mary Howitt, Thomas Heywood, and Thomas Shadwell are quoted in turn, and special attention is paid to Mr. Henry Houlding, whose

verses, so far only printed for private circulation, deal chiefly with the scenery and legends of Pendle. A notice of Pendle Forest and of the natural history of the district brings to an end a volume of more than five hundred pages of large octavo size—a volume which, in spite of obvious faults, contains plenty of pleasant reading.

LITERATURE OF BELGIUM AND THE NETHERLANDS.

CANON NAMECHE has just published the twenty-first and the twenty-second volumes of his great work, *Histoire nationale* (1). We have frequently mentioned the attractive and finished diction of M. Nameche's historical studies. In these recent volumes the history of art in Belgium under Albert and Isabella—that is to say, at the commencement of the seventeenth century—is especially dwelt upon. For foreigners it is to be regretted that the details of the index are so badly arranged, as the tables do not specify what pages to refer to for perusal of the most important events; hence the usefulness of the work is almost lost for those who are not well versed in Belgian history. In another work which M. Nameche has recently published—*Jean IV et la fondation de l'Université de Louvain* (2)—a chapter is devoted to the branches of the literature and music of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries. The book, which is printed in a splendid edition, is devoted, it is true, to extracts of the author's "National History"; but he has, in addition, given many interesting details and a summary illustrative of the opinions predominating in Belgium during the three centuries, although the difference existing between those of the thirteenth and fifteenth centuries respectively is more marked than the author notes. The lack of a systematic index is as equally to be remarked in this volume as in the greater work. A well-arranged table of contents is wanting. But as, from its exterior, the volume appears to be intended chiefly for those who like to have a handsome and well-written book in hand, this omission is less felt. Being a Wallon, the author appears more versed in certain poetical effusions of the thirteenth century, written in French at Lille, Arras, &c., which he claims for Belgium, than in the *épiques*, partly original and partly translated from the French, of Guillaume de Malmesbury, which abounded in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. Maerlant is cited under his title of "Father of the Flemish Poets," while he should rather be termed their great-

(1) *Cours d'histoire nationale*. Par M. l'abbé Nameche. Tomes XXI. et XXII. Louvain: Fonteyn. 1888.

(2) *Jean IV et la fondation de l'Université de Louvain*. Par M. l'abbé Nameche. 1 vol.

(3) *Inventaire analytique des archives de Mons*. Publié par M. Léopold de Villers. Tome II. Chartes-Mons: Manceaux. 1888.

(4) *Inventaire analytique des archives de Saint-Trond*. Publié par M. F. Straven. 2 vols. St-Trond: Moreau; Schouberecht. 1888.

(5) *Relations politiques des Pays-Bas et de l'Angleterre sous le règne de Philippe II*. Publiées par M. Kervyn de Lettenhove. 1 vol. Bruxelles: Hayez. 1888.

(6) *Galba*, iv. fol. 139.

(7) *Recueil des anciennes ordonnances*. Colligé par feu M. Gachard et publié par M. Ch. Piot. 1 vol. Bruxelles: Gobbaerts. 1888.

(8) *Les trois cartulaires de la prévôté de Saint-Martin à Ypres*. Publiés par MM. E. Feys et A. Nolia. 2 vols. Bruges: Zuttere van Kerschaver.

(9) *L'hôpital Saint-Julien et les asyles de nuit à Anvers depuis le XIV^e siècle jusqu'à nos jours*. Par M. Ed. Gendens. 1 vol. Anvers: J. van Ael-Schoofs.

(10) *Histoire de la magistrature brugeoise*. Par M. Gilliodts van Severen. 1 vol. Bruges: De Plancke. 1888.

(11) *M. de Bismarck*. Par M. Théodore Juste. Verviers: Gilon.

(12) *Répertoire des sources imprimées de la numismatique française*. Par MM. Engel et Serrure. Tome I. Angers: Burdin et Cie. Paris: Leroux. 1888.

(13) *Bibliotheca Belgica*. Publiée par MM. Van der Haeghen, Arnold et Van den Berghe. 89 fascicules. Gand: Van der Haeghen. 1888.

(14) *Narda, inferelen uit het studenteleven*. Door Dr. R. Snieders. 1 vol. Turnhout: Spichal-Roosen. 1888.

(15) *Volledige werken van Chr. Huygens. Briefwisseling*. 1 vol. Haarlem: Enschede en Zoon. 's Gravenhage: Martinus Nyhoff.

(16) *Al de gedichten van Albrecht Rodenbach*. 1 vol. Roesselaere: De Meester van Nieuwenhuysse. 1888.

(17) *De franche revolutie in Vlaanderen*. Samyn. 2 vols. Gent: S. Leliaert en A. Siffer. 1888.

(18) *Karel VI*. Mathot.

(19) *Jan Boendaale, ook gheeten Jan de Clerc: zijn leven, zijn werken en zijn tijd*. Door H. Haerynck. 1 vol. Gent: S. Leliaert, A. Siffer & Co. 1888.

(20) *La Nouvelle-Carthage, roman de mœurs anversoises*. Par M. Georges Eeckhoudt. 1 vol. Bruxelles: Henri Kistennaeker. 1888.

(21) *Madame Lupar*. Par M. Camille Lemonnier. 1 vol. Paris: Bibliothèque Charpentier. 1888.

(22) *Yuga*. Par Mme. Poradowska. 1 vol. Paris: Paul Ollendorff. 1888.

(23) *Le logement de l'ouvrier et du pauvre en Belgique*. Par M. L. Bertrand. 1 vol. Bruxelles: Chez l'auteur. 1888.

(24) *De la protection des œuvres de la pensée*. Par Victor Janlet. 1 vol. Bruxelles: Moëns. 1888.

(25) *Anthologie des prosateurs belges*. Par MM. Camille Lemonnier, E. Picard, Georges Rodenbach et Emile Verhaeren. 1 vol. Bruxelles: V. Monnom. 1888.

(26) *Notes sur la littérature moderne*. Par M. Francis Nautet. 3^e série. Bruxelles: Monnom. 1888.

(27) *In civilisation africaine de 1875-1888*. Par X. P. Kassaie. 1 vol. Bruxelles: A. Mertens. 1888.

* *Pendle Hill in History and Literature*. By James McKay, F.R.H.S. London and Preston: Davies & Co.

grandson. It was Boendale, his adept, who ascribed to him that title of honour, and in this he has been followed by all the men of the Renaissance period, who knew no better. It is surprising to find a Belgian historian speaking of Flemish literature as having hardly existed before Maerlant's time! On the other hand, Froissart, son of a citizen of Valenciennes, and who is no friend to "Communes," is considered as the great national historian. It is true that Sir Walter Scott looked upon him as his master. Whether born, then, in Bruges or Paris matters little, when one has gained such fame! Adenès le Roi, who passed his life in Paris, is claimed for Belgium because he was born in Brabant.

The publication of the inventories of the Archives, a work continued regularly under the generous encouragement of the Government, is of the highest importance for Belgian and, in part, for general history. We note *Inventaire analytique des archives de Mons*, published by Léopold de Villers (3), and that of *St. Trond*, by F. Straven (4). One of the most important publications of the last months, for England as well as for the Netherlands, is without doubt the collection of documents, taken mostly from the library of Simancas and from the British Museum and elsewhere, issued by order of the Government by M. le Baron Kervyn de Lettenhove, in a series called *Chroniques inédites* (in quarto), treating of the historical events in the Netherlands, particularly of those in the southern parts. M. de Kervyn's publication is entitled *Relations politiques des Pays-Bas et de l'Angleterre sous le règne de Philippe II* ("Political Relations between the Netherlands and England under Philip II.") (5). The editor has reached his sixth volume, which contains the correspondence of many eminent personages, as Burleigh, the Duke of Alba, and of the Spaniards, Antonio di Guara and Antonio Fogaga. Each letter is headed by a few explanatory words, and a chronological table is given at the end of the volume—which, however, does not suffice adequately as reference on certain points and special subjects, because no precise indications are given (unless one turns over leaf after leaf patiently) of the exact letter in which the subject sought is treated. But what enhances the value of the work very greatly is its introduction, in which the editor draws most conscientious deductions of the results which have been produced on historical science by the documents here collected. But, notwithstanding that M. de Kervyn shows himself here a true historian, his work lacks a systematic index of names and places to which the general reader could refer at pleasure. We will, however, touch upon certain points upon which the big book gives hitherto unknown details; for example, the relations of the "gueux de mer" with England and the position of Elizabeth at that period, who, feeling herself at times powerless to cope with the increasing revolutionary tide in the Netherlands, was discouraged to such a degree as to wish to submit to Papal supremacy. The Prince of Orange, also, did not at all times feel himself sufficiently able to steer the bark of national liberty, and feared, if he sought refuge in England, to be given up to Philip II., until at last the Peace of Nimègue, in 1573, shut out England positively to the rebels.

One of the most interesting letters is No. 2480, in which Charles Boiset develops the reasons why the Queen of England should, either openly or secretly, sustain the Prince of Orange—namely, because Spain was becoming too powerful, and because the German princes were not to be relied upon. This letter is taken from the British Museum (6). We find, also, an interesting document of Viglius upon the commercial relations of the Netherlands with England (No. 2530); also, a paper of Lord Burleigh's (2411), in which he examines the rules to be observed politically by England towards the Netherlands, in order to counterbalance the rival pretensions of France. It is interesting to place by the side of this document that of Don Guérán d'Espès upon the political attitude of England and upon Elizabeth's chief counsellors (No. 2439, and compare with No. 2383).

Another volume of the highest importance, forming part of a collection of historical documents published by order of the Government, is the sixth of the *Recueil des anciennes ordonnances*, 1744-1750 (7), collected by the late M. Gachard, and published with a very interesting introduction by M. Charles Piot, his successor as Comptroller of the State Archives. We appreciate this introduction very much, as giving a striking picture of Belgian civilization at that period; the index also enables one easily to seek out details which interest most concerning commerce, the means of transport, the rules upon horse service, games of chance, strong liquors, &c., even to regulations concerning the clergy.

We must also notice the work of MM. Feys and Nelis, *Les trois cartulaires de la prévôté de Saint-Martin à Ypres* (8), because all these documents serve to throw light upon the too much neglected history of civilization in Flanders. In the same style is M. Ed. Geudens's study upon the hospital St. Julien of Antwerp (9), which takes an honourable place amongst the more general studies which have been made of late years of the hospitals of the middle ages in Belgium, true centres certainly of virtue and charity, but, on the other hand, of much vice and wrongdoing, culminating, generally, in lawsuits of interminable length between the ecclesiastical and civil authorities. M. Gilliodts van Severen, the great archivist of Bruges, publishes at the same time a more civil history of the magistracy (10). The correct style and exactitude of the author ensure a general welcome to his work, which serves as a first-rate reference in the study of the complicated history of the Belgian magistracy in the middle

ages. M. Gilliodts has besides the praiseworthy habit of adding lengthy and correct alphabetical tables to his work, by means of which only can scientific writings be classed as solidly useful books.

In the collection entitled *Bibliothèque Gilon* (11), which has already given many interesting works, we notice, amongst the latest, a fresh volume of the series of historical portraits traced by M. Théodore Juste. This volume gives Prince Bismarck. Many of the details are indeed far from new, but we find nevertheless some of great interest touching the Chancellor's character, which will facilitate for later times the study of the great statesman. The same publisher has recently issued a history of Napoleon I. by Juste, who has indeed illustrated all the modern history of Belgium by his writings. He is just dead. No one can deny the great services he has rendered his country by his indefatigable researches, but any well-versed and dispassionate historian will admit that the prejudices of M. Juste frequently led him to conclusions which would not have been drawn by a writer of a different calibre. It cannot, however, be denied that he has aimed at partiality.

MM. Engel & Serrure publish a repertory of the printed sources of French Numismatics (12). This science has recently received a strong impulse in Belgium, and we must here notice a work of M. le Comte Maurin Nahuys of Bruxelles respecting two numismatists of the eighteenth century—Schoemaker, father and son, who were the true precursors of the celebrated numismatist Van Loon. Nahuys's remarkable study has been published in the *Review Dietsche Warande*, which contains interesting collections of studies on art and literature generally.

MM. Van der Haeghen, Arnold, and Van den Berghe, of the Ghent Library, continue the publication of their philological and literary works under the title of *Bibliotheca Belgica* (13). The eighty-ninth number has been reached; but the confusion of the alphabetical letters renders reference difficult.

Let us now glance at the lighter literature recently published in Belgium and Holland. We note first the work of a recently deceased author—*Narda, taferelen uit het studentenleven* ("Pictures of Student Life"), by M. R. Snieders (14). It is the last work of a talented and high-principled writer who has rendered great services to his country. The charm of his recitals is enhanced by their Christian moral tendency.

Amongst the most important recent publications are the complete works of Chr. Huygens, whose *Correspondance* (15) has appeared. Huygens was one of the greatest didactic and idyllic poets of the seventeenth century in Holland. He wrote in prose with equal success, and gave in French a *Correspondance* which merits the careful attention of foreigners, on account of the voluminous details given, both of the domestic as well as of the diplomatic life of that period.

The late revival in Belgium of the study of Flemish literature has brought forth numerous collections of poetry from young authors. They may be said to rival the best lyrical effusions of other lands. We note *Al de gedichten* ("Complete Poetical Works") of Albrecht Rodenbach (16). Rodenbach is one of the young poets who have the most largely contributed towards the progress and development of the taste for the Flemish language and literature in Belgium. Frank and conscientious, with a pure style of diction, Rodenbach (who died a few years ago) has left indelible traces of his work and life. His poetry merits to be translated into English, on account of its fresh, bold, and healthy virility of style, which is at the same time free from any approach to undue jocoseness.

Other young Flemish authors have set themselves the task of writing on historical episodes in their mother-tongue; for example, Samyn, *De fransche revolutie in Vlaanderen* ("The French Revolution in Flanders"), 1792-1802 (17).

M. Mathot, who is no literary novice, wrote *Karel VI. ("Charles VI.")* (18), which has already reached a second edition. The author has followed the general course of the history of civilization rather than that of diplomacy, and of civil warfare in particular.

On the neutral ground between history and literature we note a *Life of Jan Boendale*, by M. H. Haerynck (19), a monography on a didactic author of the fourteenth century. It is extremely interesting, as depicting the manners and customs of that period, the ideas on education, and the politics of the Duke of Brabant, one of whose secretaries Boendale was. From jealousy towards Flanders the Duke of Brabant felt a certain aversion for England—the ally, during some part of the fourteenth century, of the rival province. The King of France, on the other hand, forced the Duke into hostilities which he sought to avoid. Boendale relates particulars in his history of Edward III. (*van den derden Edewaert*).

Amongst Belgian novels written in French we note *La Nouvelle-Carthage*, descriptive of Antwerp life, by M. Georges Eeckhoudt (20). It is the first time this author portrays town-life, and we must admit that he has succeeded very well, although the gift of observation he possesses is revealed with greater originality in his descriptions of the rural population. We particularly admire the young novelist's description of the port of Antwerp—it is masterly. But his book is not one to be placed indiscriminately in every hand.

M. Camille Lemonnier, who has just been condemned at Paris for breach of manners in publication of a novel in the *Gil Blas*, *L'enfant du crapaud*, writes certainly well; but happily no Belgian journal has been willing to reproduce a piece which

deviates so terribly from the rules of good taste. In *Madame Lupar* (21) he shows that he seeks notoriety by inventing words and new expressions which are far from being either clear or elegant. It is a pity that the author of *Noëls flamands*, *Un mâle*, *Le mort*, *Thérèse Monique*, &c., condescends to display such extravagant bad taste.

A novel, illustrative of religious life in Galicia, and distinguished by its clearness and simplicity of style, comes from the pen of Mme. Poradowska, a Belgian lady living in Paris (22); and a philanthropic work appears, written by M. L. Bertrand, Bruxelles (edited by the author), *Le logement de l'ouvrier et du pauvre en Belgique* (23).

The new decisions of the law of 1887, relative to copyright, gave M. Victor Janlet the idea of writing a book upon literary productions. This clear and lucid work will certainly do much good service in questions of copyright, and will be useful to those who have already been victims of the plagiarisms so much in vogue now (24).

We notice also an Anthology (25), announced two years ago, and for which the Belgian Government has given a subsidy of 6,000 francs; it cites the names of fifty-six Belgian authors who have distinguished themselves in literature (in French) during the second part of this century. We think there are too many, instead of too few, names given in this Anthology, in which only those of the first literary rank should have been inserted, that foreigners might form a just idea of the progress of literature in Belgium during recent years, without the possibility of a misconception of the appreciation held of the authors by their own countrymen. Many of the works cited are far from enjoying a reputation either classical or literary. This volume is, however, but the first of the four which have been announced. We must add that we give all due praise to such authors cited who have distinguished themselves by laborious work. We must not omit an honourable mention of *Notes sur la littérature moderne* (26), second series, by Francis Nautet, a volume of 400 pp. This volume contains twelve studies—namely (1) Notes on Literary Philosophy; The Deification of M. Ernest Renan; M. Taine and Bonaparte; The Jews; Art and the Bourgeoisie; The Limitation of the Will; (2) Poetry: Characteristics of New Poetry; Charles Baudelaire, M. Albert Giraud; (3) Theatre: Shakespeare and Schiller performed by the Meiningers; (4) Novelists: M. Georges Eeckhoudt, Dostojevsky, and Count Léon Tolstoi. Many readers will perhaps be interested in M. P. Kassaie's book (27), a continuation of which, relative to the Congo, has just been published.

DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY.—VOL. XVII.*

PLACE aux rois. The Royal Edwards stand at the head of this volume, and, counting in two who died as Princes of Wales, and that last scion of the Plantagenets, Edward, Earl of Warwick, there are a dozen of them. Half of these are assigned to Mr. Hunt; and their biographies, from Edward the Elder onward, make up a considerable part of English history. Especially is this the case with Edward I., Edward III., and the Black Prince—good articles all, though the last is perhaps the most noteworthy. A detailed account of the Black Prince's career, under the light thrown upon it by lately published authorities, has been hitherto much wanted; and the want is here well supplied. Antiquarians and lovers of heraldry will appreciate the inquiry into the history of the traditional appellation "Black Prince," of the "Prince's Feathers," and their accompanying motto. As to the name, readers of last year's *Antiquary* will remember that it has been traced as far back as to Leland, with whom it at present remains—for, though Leland has raised false hopes by introducing the name in what purport to be extracts from earlier writers, the wording is his, and not theirs. As for the story, to which Camden gave currency, connecting the ostrich-feather badge with King John of Bohemia and the battle of Crécy, Hearne, we believe, was the first to get on its track in a MS. of the Prince's physician, John of Arderne; and the clue was followed up by Sir Harris Nicolas. Mr. Hunt has now gone thoroughly into the matter, has verified the references, and finds the story as a note in the MS. of Arderne's "Medica" (*Sloane MSS.* 56, f. 74, 14th cent.), written by William Seton. Whether the note be Arderne's or Seton's, it gives us fourteenth-century authority for the belief that the Prince took his badge from the slain King of Bohemia.

Professor Tout's biography of Edward II., besides being a useful summary of the reign, gives interesting personal details. Thus we learn that Edward of Carnarvon, who, though no warrior, was a sportsman, thought great things of his Welsh harriers, for which he kept Welsh trainers, described as "gentz sauvages." Also "he was fond of smith's work," which suggests comparison with an equally unhappy monarch, who, on a critical occasion, "kept filing his locks and his keys." Further, Edward was "proud of his skill at digging trenches and thatching houses"—the last being, we remember, an accomplishment to which King Alfred, in *Evenings at Home*, confessed himself unequal. Edward of Carnarvon, in short, frittered himself away on any employment rather than on his proper duties. Moreover, he drank—which alone goes a long way towards explaining the miserable failure of a man who seems to have started in life with a fair amount of chances in his favour.

* *Dictionary of National Biography*. Edited by Leslie Stephen. Vol. XVII. Edward—Erskine. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1889.

The York and Lancaster Edwards and Elizabeths fall, as of right, to Mr. Gairdner, the historian of the Wars of the Roses. He has long been an opponent of the modern spirit of historical scepticism; and with him we have always the comfort of knowing that we shall be allowed to believe all the old stories unless there are strong reasons to the contrary. Mr. S. L. Lee draws a good picture of the precocious, self-contained, lonely boy-king, Edward VI.; and Dr. Jessopp boldly grapples with the important and difficult subject of Queen Elizabeth, on whom twenty-eight pages are bestowed. His article is written in a vigorous, slashing style—at times somewhat overstrained and wordy, as in the following:—

There is nothing, absolutely nothing, to show that Elizabeth had a heart, nothing to indicate that she ever for a moment knew the thrill of sentiment, the storms of passion, or the throbs of tenderness.

The nicety of distinction between the thrill, the storm, and the throb would do credit to a troubadour. As may be guessed from this specimen, the general tenour of Dr. Jessopp's remarks is not flattering to Elizabeth. We fear that it cannot be denied that the British Lioness was, like the lioness of natural history, cruel; and that there is sufficient ground for Dr. Jessopp's comments on "the callous savagery which she permitted, and more than permitted, in the slaughter and pillage that followed the northern rebellion." Yet, despite a keen sense of all that was inhuman, mean, or repulsive in her, he does not let himself be thereby blinded to the greatness of the Virgin Queen, "who, by sheer force of character, gained for herself the credit of all the grand achievements which her people effected in peace and war." We are not so much struck as Dr. Jessopp appears to be by the anomaly of Elizabeth's granting freedom of worship to Walloon settlers, while she punished the non-conformity of Englishmen. A special indulgence to a few favoured settlers does not materially affect the then accepted principle that the State is entitled to prescribe the form of worship to be observed by its subjects; while a universal toleration of non-conformity would at once have broken up the whole Tudor system. As a minor criticism, we may add that there is perhaps a little too much made of the famous box on the ear dealt to Essex, when it appears twice in the course of one article.

Professor A. W. Ward supplies the biography of King James's daughter Elizabeth, the Queen of Bohemia, a woman who still possesses in history something of the fascination which she exercised in life, when "her winning princely comportment" gained her the name of "Queen of Hearts." The common story, which visitors to the Stuart Exhibition will have at their fingers' ends, that it was Elizabeth who persuaded, or indeed almost forced, her husband the Elector Palatine to accept the offer of the Bohemian crown, is here pronounced to be "altogether unsupported by evidence." At the same time, though she left the decision to him, her declaration of her readiness, should he accept, "to follow the divine call," and at need to pledge her jewels, shows that he had her full sympathy in the course he took. The chivalrous devotion with which, when a poverty-stricken fugitive, she inspired Duke Christian of Brunswick and Lord Craven justifies her biographer's assertion that, "though many princesses have been admired with equal ardour, none has ever been served with more unselfish fidelity than she." The story of the brief and sad life of her niece and namesake Elizabeth, the young daughter of Charles I., is told by Mr. Gordon Goodwin. Miss Jennett Humphreys treats of a later Elizabeth, King George III.'s artistic daughter, who, in the elegant language of the period, was styled "The Muse." There are biographies of three Queens Eleanor—of Aquitaine, Provence, and Castile respectively—the first two by Mr. Archer, the last by Mr. Hunt. That Eleanor of Castile did not suck the poison from her husband's wounded arm we were prepared to be told (though, for the purposes of fiction, Miss Yonge has devised an ingenious reconciliation between the traditional act of devotion and the facts as related by Hemingburgh). But it is painful to learn that the virtuous and beloved Eleanor was "rather grasping," so that Archbishop Peckham had to interfere on behalf of some of her over-burdened tenants, and that she had also "given scandal by joining with Jewish usurers and getting estates from Christians." (Will the printers explain on what theological or other principle "Christian" is systematically robbed of its customary capital, while Antinomian, Arian, Arminian, Calvinist, Socinian, and Mohammedan flourish in full typographical dignity?)

Ernest Augustus, King of Hanover and Duke of Cumberland, comes, both in actual place and in chronological order, last of the Royal personages commemorated in this volume. Thanks chiefly to the recently published reminiscences of his chaplain, we in England have of late learned to think a little more charitably of that once much-hated and dreaded prince. In his own day, Radical journalists and pamphleteers believed, or wished it to be believed, not only that the Duke was a red-hot Tory and Orangeman (which was true), but that he had cut his valet's throat and passed the murder off as suicide. Yet, as his present biographer might have mentioned, the Radical tailor Place, the very elixir of Radicalism in the Thirties, had been the foreman of the coroner's jury which, with Place's entire acquiescence, brought in the verdict of *Felo de se*. Without assuming the Duke to be a Germanized Borgia, reasonable Liberals had sufficient ground for fearing him as the embodiment of a narrow foreign type of absolutism—a fear to which the strongest expression was given by the Radical M.P. who proposed to bar his succession to the throne of this realm. As King of Hanover, Ernest Augustus

had already taken steps towards cancelling the Hanoverian Constitution which had been granted in 1833 by his predecessor, our King William IV., when "full of reforming ardour," as says Mr. H. M. Stephens, who supplies the present interesting biography. Mr. Stephens repeats the accepted statement that this Constitution had not been "even laid before" the heir-presumptive. But by a recent number of the *Revue historique* (Novembre-Décembre, 1888) we see that H. von Treitschke has published letters which show that in fact the scheme of the Constitution of 1833 was submitted to Ernest Augustus, and had in the main received his approbation.

Kings, queens, and their kin seem to be really the most important people treated of in this volume of the Dictionary. There is no statesman (not being also a sovereign, for we may count both Edward I. and Elizabeth as entitled to the name of statesman), and no author, of the first class. There are two men of high Indian reputation—Sir Herbert Edwards and Mountstuart Elphinstone—whose biographies are by Mr. H. G. Keene. The canal-making Duke of Bridgewater affords a subject of some interest. Among a crowd of bearers of the name of Eliot and its variants, the most attractive are the patriot Sir John Eliot (by Mr. S. R. Gardiner); Eliot, "the Apostle of the Indians"; Lord Heathfield, the defender of Gibraltar; and Ebenezer Elliott, "the Corn-law Rhymist." A more ancient "Rhymist," Thomas, the mythic lover of the Elf-Queen, comes into this volume under his territorial name of Ercildoune (the modern Earlsdon in Berwickshire). "Thomas Rimor de Ercildun" had a real existence, by this token, amongst others, that his name is appended as that of one of the witnesses to a deed, probably of the thirteenth century; but it is as a personage of folk-lore rather than of history that he makes good his claim to the three pages which he receives from Mr. Tedder. Mrs. Elliott, who found favour in the sight both of George Prince of Wales and of *Égalité* Duke of Orleans, is not exactly an honour to the Elliott clan; but her experiences of the French Revolution are interesting, or would be if they could be trusted. More estimable feminine characters are Charlotte Elliott, the hymn-writer; Elizabeth Elstob, an eighteenth-century student of the "English-Saxon Tongue" (in modern nomenclature, Anglo-Saxon); and Mrs. Ellis, the wife of the missionary Ellis, and herself well known, not so very long ago, as the author of improving books for "the Daughters," "the Wives," and "the Mothers of England." There are goodly arrays of Ellises, Erskines, and Edwards's. With reference to the article upon one of the last-named tribe—"a poet of some merit," known to ordinary mortals as John Edwards and to gods and Cambrians as "Sion y Potiau," we may make bold to observe that the tongue of "gallant little Wales" is not yet so generally understood of the world as to justify the quotation of a Welsh couplet without translation. We are attracted by another Welsh poet, Ellis by name, and Baptist minister by profession, of whom his biographers record, as it were with bated breath, that he actually ventured to read "Stuart Mill, Huxley, Matthew Arnold, &c.," and "formed his own opinion of them"! For a man to read authors with whom he will probably not agree is evidently felt to be a stupendous effort of intellectual activity and audacity; and the existence of such a feeling may help to explain many things, theological and political, in the Principality. Thomas Emllyn is noteworthy as being probably "the first preacher who described himself as a Unitarian," though he was not the first introducer of the term. In Ireland Emllyn's opinions brought him into sore trouble, even within measurable distance of the pillory. Kippis states that, though Emllyn, "on account of his being a man of letters," was spared this ignominy, nevertheless, "with a paper on his breast, he was led round the Four Courts to be exposed." Unless there is some doubt about the fact, this was surely an incident worthy of mention in his present biography. We must not conclude without a notice of Mr. Lee's article on Ellwood the Quaker, which may attract many readers to Ellwood's own delightfully frank and quaint autobiography.

SIR JOHN STRACHEY'S INDIA.*

AT no time since the Sepoy Mutiny could a clear account of the system under which India is now administered be more welcome. We require a book which, in a reasonable compass, will explain to the British public how taxation is imposed, justice administered, education promoted, and town and country are governed. Sir John Strachey comes opportunely to supply the want. This book, which had its origin in a series of lectures delivered at Cambridge, is something very different from the deliverance of a tourist or a member of Parliament. We all know the writer who in his exordium ruefully contemplates the vastness of the Indian Empire, the complex nature of its problems, and the limits of his knowledge or ignorance, and then generally ends by saying that he was lucky enough to have access to "sources of information" hermetically sealed to the Commissioner and the magistrate. This is followed up by judgments—short, vigorous, and decisive—about the Salt-tax, the liquor traffic, the promotion of educated natives to high offices, the shortcomings of an alien rule, the defence of the frontier, and the armies of native States. Sir John Strachey was not fortunate enough to do India thoroughly in a three months' trip. His claims to be heard rest

on early service in the North-West Provinces, and especially in the hill tracts of Kumaon; on experience acquired in the Central Provinces as Judicial Commissioner or Head of the law and the police when that neglected but important region was first given a chance to recover from the wars, raids, and famines of a century; on his charge of the province of Oudh at a time when the relations of Ryot to Talukdar or, as we should loosely put it, of tenant to landlord, were causing grave anxiety to Lord Lawrence and his Council; on inquiries made as Sanitary Commissioner into filthy drains, tanks green with scum and decayed vegetation, and all the neglect of the commonest precautions which so conclusively prove the aptitude of the Oriental to govern himself and his village; in short, on an honourable career of thirty-five years, including the posts of Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West Provinces and Member of the Supreme Council, under at least three Viceroys. All this, to do the author justice, is not paraded at length in the book, though in speaking with authority the author is occasionally justified in showing where he derived his knowledge and how he formed his conclusions. Neither is the book a history of wars, cessations, and annexations. It deals with the past and present constitution of the Government in India and at home; with taxation, the public debt, and the main sources of revenue; with codes and the judicial tribunals, and with the gradations of officers, who have made life and property over an enormous area more secure than it is—not in Ireland, for such a comparison would be ludicrous—but in Whitechapel and the suburbs of London. Sir John Strachey has done wisely in telling us very little about Madras and Bombay. He has some pertinent remarks on Bengal and the Lower Provinces. But he stands on still firmer ground when he describes his own Indian province with its hot winds, its dusty plains, magically converted into sheets of vegetation within a week by the change of the monsoon; its grand system of irrigation, its sturdy agriculturists, rich and charitable bankers, and proud and warlike chiefs. It is admirably adapted for those who wish to know something about India before they go there or without going at all. And, besides correct statistics, we find certain fallacies dissected and exposed by pitiless logic and a clear and trenchant style.

Readers of the late Mr. Buckle's *History of Civilization* may remember that he ascribed "all the distinctive institutions of India and the peculiarities of its people to their consumption of rice." This product is largely grown in Bengal, in parts of Behar, in Southern India, and in other small tracts favoured by water supply. But rice is no more the food of the whole or of one quarter of the Indian population than are oatmeal and porridge the food of the English labourer and artisan. Wheat, millets, and pulses support far more millions than rice; and it would be ridiculous now for any one, even for a member of Parliament, to begin a speech or a pamphlet by attributing the tenacity of caste, the prevalence of oppression, the high rents, and the permanence of customs and manners, good or bad, to a rice diet. Taxation and its incidence are dealt with as they should be by one who has been Financial Member of Council and Chancellor of the Indian Exchequer. The Indian revenue amounts to 77 millions. But of this total only 23 millions are derived from the Land-tax, levied in India from the days of Manu and by Hindu Rajas and Mahomedan emperors, as the unquestioned right of the ruling power. There is certainly one other tax—that on salt—which is obligatory on the people and is levied indirectly. But it is conclusively shown that, owing to the equalization of duties all through the Empire, every one can have his salt, either from Cheshire, Madras, the Sambhur Lake in Rajputana, or the quarries of the Punjab, by contributing the large tax of fivepence yearly to the exchequer. Of course there are other sources of supply. There are receipts from the Post Office, the Telegraph, the Rail, Canals, and Public Works. For all expenditure on these special objects the native gets a full return. The outcry against the Income-tax as weighing down the community is shown to be baseless. It has never touched even the fringe of the masses. No one pays it who has not more than 500 rupees or 50*l.* a year; a large income for a Ryot under any revenue system whatever. If it is disliked, the dislike is only felt by 300,000 people out of 200,000,000. Sir John Strachey vindicates the policy of Lord Lytton in repealing the duty on cotton imported into India; but he does not notice a new aspect of this question. It seems not improbable that in the next fifty years the Deccan will grow cotton which the factories of Bombay will turn into piece goods, and so keep out Manchester altogether. A less controversial question is that of the abolition of duties on exports from India. No Indian produce is now taxed except rice and petroleum. England still taxes Indian tea and coffee on arrival in this country, and we have recently had a lively controversy between the Viceroy in Council and the English Treasury about the policy or impolicy of taxing silver and plate. The opinions expressed on the Excise-tax are those of a practical administrator and not a clerical ranter. The Excise laws of India suppress illicit distillation and sale, for which ample facilities would be found in the palm-tree, the date, and hemp. The truth is that "liquor is taxed, and consumption restricted" as far as is possible without imposing hardships on the community and promoting the creation of illicit stills. The tribes that consume the most indigenous liquor are those in the Central Provinces, Assam, and other jungly tracts which have hitherto been least influenced by British rule. More drunkenness may be seen in Glasgow on Sunday, and in any Scotch town on a

* India. By Sir John Strachey, G.C.S.I. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1888.

market day, than can be noticed in Calcutta and Benares in a month. If the educated Baboo prefers curacao and champagne from the English tradesman, he has no one but himself to blame. Very rarely is drunkenness pleaded by any prisoner before any Indian tribunal as an excuse for crime. The consumption of spirits and the Excise revenue of India, as compared with its population, point to a perfect millennium of temperance, and not to a ceaseless national drinking bout. The latest returns of this source of revenue show that rather more than four millions of our money were spent in drink by 200 millions of persons. What is this to the 25 millions contributed by 37 millions of the British population? We have no space for the remaining items of the Budget—stamps, tributes from native princes, and local and municipal taxation. On the depreciation of the rupee it is shown that the fall involves an additional charge on India of some millions of our money. In other words, it necessitates extra taxation to this amount and the stoppage of expenditure on necessary and remunerative works. This may not settle the question of bimetalism, but it is an important factor to be borne in mind.

The number and efficiency of soldiers in the pay of native chiefs does not inspire the author with much alarm. Many of the troops maintained by princes of the second and third rank, and by what are termed the Mediatized Chiefs, would be perhaps equal to the plunder of a bazaar or the suppression of a free fight at a religious festival. The men are mostly retainers or military police, without organization and equipment, and not very regularly paid. Even the Maharaja of Indore has not much of an army, except on paper. To this category there are, however, two exceptions—Sindhia and the Nizam, the former with 11,000 and the latter with 45,000 men of all arms. We have recently given proof of our confidence in the ruler of Gwalior by restoring to him his fort; while at or near Hyderabad we are obliged to keep a large force of British and native troops. And it is perfectly easy, without panic or exaggeration, to conceive a state of things on our frontier which would compel us to issue storm warnings or to put up danger signals at both these capitals. On the Rajput princes and their Thakurs and fighting-men—for they are hardly to be termed soldiers—we can place perfect reliance. Tried in the Mutiny, they did not fail; and the same may be said of the more efficient soldiery maintained by Patiala, Nabha, Jheend, and other Sikh States.

We now come to Sir John Strachey's pertinent and pithy remarks on what has been gravely termed the National Development of India. In the first place, India as one country has no more existence than Mrs. Harris. Marked geographical features, strong climatic variations, food, manners, and above all the rigid system of caste, keep up a barrier between Sikh and Bengali, Pathan and Dravidian, which makes any unity—social, physical, political, and religious—a sheer impossibility. No profusion of spouting will knock this barrier down. Scotland, Sir John Strachey truly says, is more like Spain than Bengal is like the Punjab; and he quotes Sir Alfred Lyall and Professor Seeley—no obscure or mean authorities—who have written much to the same effect. If there is no such country as India, it is tolerably certain that there can be no such community as an "Indian nation." It is perhaps going a little far to say that an educated Mohammedan gentleman of Northern India has more in common with Englishmen than a Bengali graduate who has taken a good degree in Arts or Law at the University of Calcutta. But it is quite certain that all the recent manifestoes which have been twisted into expressions of "national sentiment" come from men who represent no one but themselves and nothing but their own interests. Some stress must be laid on this point, because a well-known writer has been allowed in the *Times* to express his conviction of the growth of a real national sentiment, of the unquestionable loyalty of the speakers and delegates, and of the policy of recognizing and fostering their just and lawful ambition. Sir John Strachey has had no difficulty in utterly demolishing these arguments in language hardly, if at all, inferior to the *Times*' writer in elegance and style. In every other point the superiority is immeasurable; precision of thought, knowledge of human nature, and wealth and variety of administrative experience. Sir John Strachey, whose judgment of the natives is kind and even indulgent, draws attention to the complete indifference to social abuses displayed by writers and speakers at the Congress. He does not condemn this apathy in sufficiently strong terms. It is by Englishmen, administrators, legislators, journalists, and missionaries, that degrading and foul superstitions have been reprobated and atrocious practices have been put down. Natives, with some few honourable exceptions, have never been found, at each reforming epoch, to denounce Sati, the exposure of children at Saugor Island, female infanticide amongst the Rajputs, human sacrifices to Kali, the torture of witches, the burying alive of lepers, the marriage of children to sexagenarian Brahmans who have half a dozen wives already, or any other revolting cruelty and absurdity with which Oriental life is crammed. Englishmen have borne the brunt of these fights and have really forced reforms down Asiatic throats. It is far easier for the native to indent on the Radical platform for matter, and to mouth about "political enfranchisement" and "representative institutions," than to touch with his little finger the burden that oppresses the convert and the child-widow. Most attempts at real reform have been met by the natives with sullen acquiescence if not with actual obstruction; and even now administrators have been bold enough to surmise that one

of the first acts of any independent national Legislature "would be to legalize Sati and to forbid the slaughter of kine in our bazaars." Moreover, trustworthy statistics show that the last twenty years have only turned out some 25,000 educated natives capable of taking any part whatever in high administration or politics. The small minority of two hundred millions has nowhere pushed these graduates to the front to represent Oriental ethnological fragments. They much prefer being represented by a Magistrate who will protect them in their several forms of worship, and by a Collector who will give permanence to their rights and interests in the soil.

This book is singularly free from errors of the press and other blunders. The death of the late Maharaja of Mysore is assigned to two different dates, 1867 and 1868; the latter date, at page 321, being correct. The right designation of the Non-Regulation Province of Nagpore is *Chutia* and not *Chota*. The former term, we believe, means a mouse in the local dialect. Neither is the author correct in alleging, as we interpret him, that the past generation of Civilians has been indifferent to the welfare of the peasantry of Bengal, flattened and crushed under the big landlords of the Perpetual Settlement. For the last fifty years the Ryots have never wanted members of the Civil Service to stand up for them when the Zemindar was oppressive and the Baboo was mute. But these are trifles. The value of this book lies in its accuracy, in its well-digested statistics, never tedious or overwhelming, in the sound judgment formed on difficult public questions, and in a masterly and opportune exposure of divers fallacies and dreams.

GODOLPHIN.*

IF a lively and well-instructed interest in some of the chief branches of State affairs, coupled with unmistakable dialectical ability and considerable fluency of style, form a sufficient equipment for the political biographer, there is little reason to regret that the Life of Godolphin has till now remained unwritten. Mr. Elliot's personal experience cannot but have given him some special insight into things, fortunately or unfortunately, common to most periods of our Parliamentary life, and something like an hereditary feeling must have impelled him to become a student and critic of English foreign policy. He pleads, for and against, with a skill and an intrepidity which recall Macaulay in his most unhesitating moods, and apparently follows the same model in the mould and manner of his diction. We speak of this volume as a political biography, inasmuch as for a biography of Godolphin in which the personal element should come to the front, the time, if it ever existed, has long since passed away. The very outward form and features of Mr. Elliot's hero, as appears from certain points of contrast between Kneller's bust and Boyer's description of his appearance, are to some extent debatable; we may, perhaps, add that Macky, who must have been well acquainted with him, describes him as "of slow Speech, with an awful, serious Deportment," and "of a low Stature; thin, with a very black and stern Countenance." Concerning his private life, Mr. Elliot, though he prints some interesting extracts from the MS. family correspondence in the British Museum, has not been able to add very much to the scanty knowledge already generally accessible. On the other hand, he has made a very attractive chapter out of the history of the Lord Treasurer's paternal ancestry and of the ancient Cornish estate, in the country between the Lizard and the Land's End, to which the family appears to owe its outlandish name. Its most distinguished member in earlier times was Sir Francis Godolphin, who held the governorship of the Scilly Isles under Queen Elizabeth, and whose anything but unneeded precautions against the Spaniards in the years after the dispersion of the Great Armada illustrate the want of finality which detracted from the grandeur of that event in contemporary eyes. His grandson and namesake was the father of the younger and more celebrated Sidney Godolphin, and the brother of the elder, whose friendship was prized by Clarendon, and who seems to have been the author of some, if not all, of the verses ascribed to his nephew, as well as of those acknowledged by himself. The future Lord Treasurer was, both through his mother and through the marriage of his aunt Penelope, a kinsman of the house of Berkeley; and it may have been his cousin, the favourite of Charles II., best known as Earl of Falmouth, who first introduced him to Court, where we find him as page in the year 1667. He was the third son in a family of sixteen children; and though he was wide enough awake to his opportunities to push himself into Parliament for Helston by the side of the eldest, and ahead of the second, brother, his inheritance was trifling, amounting to 120*l.*, perhaps even to not more than 40*l.*, a year. Thus, like other of his brothers, he had to become an office-seeker, and early acquired that love of place which, notwithstanding repeated resignations and continual protestations of his desire for retirement and a country life, seems to have clung to him to the last. When, however, his official services came to an end, after extending over the better part of four reigns, he found himself left with an income not exceeding 1,000*l.* a year; and it was only the death of his eldest brother, to whose estate he succeeded, which enabled him to live at ease during the two remaining years of his life.

* *The Life of Sidney, Earl of Godolphin, K.G., Lord High Treasurer of England, 1702 to 1710.* By the Hon. Hugh Elliot. London: Longmans & Co. 1888.

With the brief and melancholy history of his marriage with Margaret Blague, so well known through the sympathetic relation of Evelyn, ends, as Godolphin's biographer confesses, all that we know of his domestic life. To this touching revelation of a tenderness of character, lovable whether we find it in a Godolphin, a Temple, or a Swift, we need not again refer; the connexion between Godolphin and Evelyn in itself forms a ray of light amidst the obscurity of the statesman's personal biography; and it is pleasing to find the latter, when a Commissioner of the Treasury under James II., securing attention to his friend's claim for arrears of outlay and salary, and in the next reign (as is well known) appointing him Treasurer of the new Greenwich Hospital. Evelyn and Godolphin were doubtless drawn together by common tastes as well as mutual liking; though, by the way, Mr. Elliot's conjecture that the scheme for the improvement of St. James's Park, set on foot in 1702, actually emanated from Godolphin himself as Lord Treasurer, is, of course, conjecture only. Of his personal tastes and habits in general we know next to nothing. He was fond of horse-racing; and the tradition of his love of gambling mentioned by Mr. Elliot is confirmed by a passage in the Diary of Bubb Dodginton (January 25th, 1753), who states that, by way of agreeing with the Princess of Wales's expressed dislike of the public playing of forbidden games, he "mentioned the precautions which Lord Treasurer Godolphin used to conceal his passion for play, though he practised it to the last." Mr. Elliot adds that he "probably" had a taste for the fine arts, since Methuen is found appraising him of a sale of pictures about to be held in Spain. He was also, it appears, fond of chess like George I., and fond of port like the younger Pitt and other less eminent statesmen.

But, when we turn from these scanty details about Godolphin in private to the records of his public life, is the case materially altered? We are willing, though Mr. Elliot gives no grounds for his opinion in the way of evidence, to take it on trust that Godolphin was "a sententious, rather than a skilful or persuasive, speaker." Written remains of his, except his share as a young man in the family correspondence, and possibly some unidentified pieces of verse, are not in existence. Beyond a doubt, and notwithstanding his early eagerness for self-advancement, his biographer correctly describes him as an essentially modest man; and his modesty must in a sense have stood in the way of his fame. On the other hand, it is possible that "the vexatious indistinctness of outline" of which Mr. Elliot complains, and which he has sought in some measure to remedy, may have exaggerated the qualities of his political genius in the notions of posterity. Let us, at all events, see how far Godolphin's biographer has succeeded in making good his contention that the subject of his book "was one of those men whose merits rarely receive the full recognition which they deserve."

As a rule, Godolphin's claims to political eminence have been based upon his achievements as a finance Minister; and in his introductory summary of the characteristics of his hero Mr. Elliot accordingly states that, not only were certain financial changes of the highest importance—the raising of money by life and terminable annuities, the issue of Exchequer Bills, the establishment of the Bank of England, and the funding of the National Debt—made under Godolphin's headship of the Treasury, but that an unprecedented vigilant frugality was equally distinctive of his administration. As to the great financial measures passed during his tenure of office this biography, however, contains no further information; to enter into any description of "the Tonnage Bill from which sprang the Bank of England," and "the Recoinage Bill, which effected the restoration of public credit," would, in Mr. Elliot's opinion, be superfluous, inasmuch as "they are admirably explained by Lord Macaulay, and are generally understood by educated people of the present day." He, therefore, prefers to devote a couple of pages to an inquiry which we must describe as perfectly futile, inasmuch as it cannot be said to lead to any assured conclusion, whether the credit of these Acts is due to Godolphin or Montague, or both, or—one may add, as in the case of the Recoinage Bill—to neither. These are, so far as we have perceived, the only references made by Mr. Elliot to Godolphin's share in financial legislation; for, of Montague's East India Bill, which Mr. Elliot rather sweepingly condemns, Godolphin was an opponent. His biographer ascribes to him, probably with justice, the chief share in the credit of the Methuen Treaty; but this celebrated compact we must take leave to regard as a dexterous stroke of foreign policy rather than as a sound fiscal experiment.

En revanche, Mr. Elliot insists repeatedly, and in substance we have no doubt correctly, upon the great advantage which accrued to the State from the cautious economy of Godolphin's financial administration. Not only was he personally incorruptible, but he kept as firm a hand as circumstances permitted over the public expenditure; and only under moral compulsion—the compulsion of King William III. and of the Duke of Marlborough when the great war was at its height—gave way in the direction of extravagance. It was perhaps inevitable that the Lord Treasurer's rule of frugality should be illustrated mainly by the exceptions which he was forced to make to it; but his earnest determination made William III. protest "*que je shrink aussi bien que vous*" at the state of the Treasury, and was proof even against his great colleague's recklessness with regard to the public money. Unfortunately, the King and the Duke alike had their way; but this by no means detracts from the significance of the illustrations. When, however, the question arises whether to this

economy and general prudence and orderliness of method should be attributed the extraordinary financial prosperity of the country during the earlier period of the war (for in the later, as Mr. Elliot has sufficiently shown, that prosperity was passing away), the answer becomes more than doubtful. The punctuality of Treasury payments and the Treasurer's resistance to sudden or improper calls upon the Exchequer may have had something to do with it, and also the disdain of apprehensions like those put forward by Lord Haversham; but we are bound to say that, for anything to the contrary shown in this biography, its readers will be inclined to apply to Godolphin's financial policy Mr. Elliot's indisputably true observation concerning his plan of Ministerial government, and to attribute its results to general causes rather than to any individual statesman.

In discussing Godolphin's influence upon foreign policy during the period of his Lord Treasurership Mr. Elliot seems to be moving upon more familiar ground, though he is not always successful in showing how the influence in question can be directly traced to the source which he ascribes to it. Assuming, however, for the moment that, in spite of Sir Robert Walpole's rather affected protest against being invested by his opponents with the "mock dignity" and "chimerical authority" of a Prime Minister, such a position may be said to have been virtually held by Godolphin, his direction of the foreign policy of the country can scarcely, on his biographer's own showing, be described as preponderantly successful. If, with the help of Methuen, he gained Portugal, he failed egregiously with Bavaria; and, indeed, it argues over-sanguineness in him that he should have regarded his project for securing the Elector as at any time "very hopeful." The West India expedition, to the command of which he appointed Peterborough in 1702, was balked by the inconvenient determination of the Dutch to go shares in so profitable an adventure. The contemporary attack upon Cadiz was something worse than bungled; and the brilliant affair with the Spanish galleons in Vigo Bay after all only covered the failure of the scheme to intercept them with the whole of their precious cargo. In the desire which he undoubtedly cherished to give effective support to the insurrection in the Cevennes the Lord Treasurer was thwarted at first by the apathy of Marlborough, and afterwards by the unaccountable deference of Peterborough to the wishes of "King Charles III." in laying siege to Barcelona. He likewise took a warm interest in the negotiations at Turin, where the English Minister, Richard Hill, was his trusted agent and frequent correspondent, and before the year 1703 was out had the satisfaction of attaching Victor Amadeus of Savoy to the Grand Alliance. Mr. Elliot is of opinion—and we are inclined to agree with him—that a very large share of the responsibility for carrying the war into Spain rests with Godolphin; and his persistent wish to make the Spanish frontier the basis of an attack upon France itself may be regarded as part of the same plan. It failed, partly, as Mr. Elliot truly remarks, because Galway was very far from being a Wellington; but also, whatever may have been Marshal Tessé's impression as to the inclinations of the population of Madrid, because the sentiments of the Spanish people, and of Castile in especial, towards the House of Hapsburg at the beginning of the eighteenth century, were very different from those which animated them towards the House of Bourbon at the beginning of the nineteenth. As the war went on, Godolphin, in Mr. Elliot's opinion, began to be dissatisfied with it and the alliance, and at the time of the negotiations in 1709 was ready for peace. With regard to the more general question, one finds some difficulty in concluding Godolphin to have, except in moments of depression, desired peace at the very time when the Government in which he held the foremost place was being converted into a Whig Government. It is true that a month before Malplaquet he told Marlborough that everything would go to ruin unless he brought peace with him. But no sooner had the battle been fought than he complacently received a deputation from the Governors of the Bank entreating him not to conclude a peace which should leave Spain to the House of Bourbon. As to the negotiations in the earlier part of the same year, it is, in our opinion, useless for the biographer of Godolphin, as it were, to bandy recriminations with the biographer of Marlborough. A calm consideration of the conduct at this juncture of the person principally concerned—namely, Lewis XIV.—suggests the conclusion that the allies, and more especially Great Britain and Austria, behind whose back the negotiations had been opened, had good reason for distrusting him, if not for exacting such a guarantee as they imposed. For the rest, Mr. Elliot explains Godolphin's withholding of his resignation in April 1710, after the Queen had, without consulting him, named Shrewsbury Lord Chamberlain, by his having felt "that if he were withdrawn from the Treasury, the war which Marlborough directed would speedily come to an end for want of supplies."

It will be seen that, in the many difficult and doubtful passages with which the transactions discussed in this volume abound, we are unable uniformly to accept the conclusions of its author. How should it be otherwise when the argument is so frequently one of probability, and when the biographer by his eager pleading is so apt to provoke an inquiry as to what can be said on the other side? Thus especially with his elaborate defence of Godolphin against the charges of hostile intentions against the *de facto* Government to which he was exposed in 1691. But the whole subject of his relations to the exiled House is too complicated a one to be entered into here, and is not of a kind to be summed up in a few sentences. Godolphin's sincerity towards King William

in 1691 or in 1696, when he resigned office, although Parliament had declared Fenwick's accusations against him and Marlborough calumnious, can hardly be asserted with more confidence than his sincerity towards the cause of the Protestant Succession in 1708, when he composed for Queen Anne a speech from the throne inveighing against the designs of a Popish pretender. The excess of prudence which Mr. Elliot happily describes as his greatest defect made his public life what, in the language of the pastime which he loved, would be called a perpetual hedging.

There are various other points in this biography which invite comment, as, for instance, the demonstration, very ingeniously put, that Marlborough and Godolphin made a vain attempt, comparable to the more successful one of the "King's friends" in a later reign, to govern by a Third Party of their own, without being absorbed in either the Whig or the Tory party. Represented in this way, the failure of the attempt announces itself beforehand, particularly as neither of them was a Parliamentary politician proper, and as there is no sign that Godolphin was personally followed by a single member. We can, by the way, hardly allow that Nottingham's resignation in 1704 is a good example of a politician gravitating towards his natural point of attraction; since he was a politician *sui generis*, who afterwards was a member of George I.'s first Whig Government, and counselled him to rule with a Whig secular Government and a Tory Church. On the whole, the more usual way of stating the case—namely, that Marlborough, with the aid of Godolphin, sought to unite both parties in support of the war—serves the purpose nearly equally well; and not much is gained by speaking of the shedding and accretive epochs of Godolphin's Ministry. Apart, however, from a certain straining after originality which such turns of phrase attest, and from occasional passages of retrospective description which trench upon the superfluous, Mr. Elliot's book has a freshness which can hardly fail to attract historical students, more especially since, so far as we have observed, this freshness is fortunately combined with a general accuracy of detail. Should the author have occasion to revise his work, we trust that he will enlarge rather than reduce its more substantial part, even where "the most undeniable authority" (Macaulay) may seem to make repetition unnecessary. In return, to the great Whig historian may be left those withering blasts of rhetoric against poor King James II. which, even in him, could occasionally have been spared. They are least welcome from an historical author who, like Mr. Hugh Elliot, is so eminently capable of forming and expressing an opinion for himself. King James had unbounded powers of self-deception (though he can hardly have considered it indisputable that "the north and west of England were panting for his restoration"), and was hopelessly narrow-minded and ungenerous in many matters besides religion; but it is painful (even for those who are not Jacobites out of season) to find him described by an intelligent and liberal-minded writer as "ready to sell his subjects under the name of religion," and as a Prince "the great object of whose life" was "to persuade men to violate the most sacred trusts."

BOOKS ON IRELAND.*

IT is melancholy, but hardly surprising, to find that, as the Irish controversy goes on, the literature which it produces becomes of less and less value. Both sides seem to grow weary of endeavouring to find, or perhaps discover the impossibility of finding, new facts or new arguments. We have done all that is possible to prevent our judgment from being obscured by prejudice before saying that one side seems to have given up all attempt at argument, and to have resolutely averted its eyes from fact. Of course the better men upon it have not done this knowingly. But how far they have done it may be judged by turning over the book called *Two Centuries of Irish History*, which Mr. Bryce, if he has not edited it (for this is not clear), has "introduced." The unsigned editorial preface promises "a concise and impartial narrative of Irish history." We turn to Mr. Bryce's introduction, and we find these phrases:—"land robbery," "dominant caste," "insolence of the caste," "lawlessness of landlord magistrates," "fiendish scheme of bringing about a rebellion," &c. We dare ask any one how impartiality can consist with the use of such phrases, every one of which is, so to speak, stamped and trade-

* *Two Centuries of Irish History*. By J. Bryce, M.P., W. K. Sullivan, G. Sigerson, J. H. Bridges, Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice, J. R. Thursfield, and G. P. Macdonell. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.

Incidents of Coercion. By the Right Hon. G. Shaw Lefevre, M.P. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.

The Book of Erin. By Morrison Davidson. London: Reeves.

Ireland from One or Two Neglected Points of View. By the Author of "Hints to Country Bumpkins." London: Hatchards.

Two Chapters of Irish History. By T. D. Ingram. London: Macmillan.

Members of Parliament for the City and County of Kilkenny. By G. D. Burchaell. Dublin: Sealy, Bryers, & Walker; London: Mitchell & Hughes.

Irish Pictures drawn with Pen and Pencil. By Richard Lovett. London: Religious Tract Society.

The Scot in Ulster. By John Harrison. London and Edinburgh: Blackwood.

The Efficiency of Irish Schools. By M. C. Hime, LL.D. London: Simpkin & Marshall. Dublin: Sullivan.

marked with the broad arrow of party? And if we get these things from Mr. Bryce we can hardly expect anything better from his coadjutors, Dr. Sullivan, of Queen's College, Cork, Dr. Sigerson, Dr. Bridges, Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice, Mr. Thursfield, Mr. Macdonell. Their lesser powers have naturally not been rewarded with greater success. Dr. Sullivan (to mention only one thing in each case) throughout uses "national" in the question-begging sense. Dr. Sigerson talks of "the perfidy of Pitt." Dr. Bridges refers to the "fooling of the English Government." Castor and Pollux (for Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice and Mr. Thursfield divide their paper) talk, as for the matter of that they all do, of the "Ascendency party." Mr. Macdonell condemns the "savage intolerance of the Orange Society." Now we do not busy ourselves in the least with the question whether the opinions which these phrases indicate can or cannot be supported by argument. It is sufficient that the use of all points to *parti pris*. Nor have we any objection to *parti pris* so long as the partisan does not pretend to impartiality. But what we do object to is the pretension of impartiality without the substance. We are fully prepared to write a history of Ireland ourselves in which we do not disguise the fact that we should take exactly the other side to Messrs. Bryce and Co. But we should make that fact clear to any reader, and we should not make use of question-begging epithets.

Mr. Bryce and his *grer*, however, are absolutely judicial when they are compared with Mr. Shaw Lefevre. We do not, speaking as impartial reviewers, quite understand what Mr. Shaw Lefevre means by prefixing an account of his journey in Ireland six years ago to an account of his journey in Ireland last year. From his own history it would appear that six years ago he had not the courage of his convictions, and that recently he had the convictions of his courage. If his narrative proves anything from his own point of view, it is that he ought to have come back in 1882 and thrown up his post in an exterminating Government without a moment's delay. That, however, is a point between Mr. Shaw Lefevre and his conscience, a quarrel in which far be it from us to interpose. It is not our business to insist on the fact that a distinguished Gladstonian, if he had had either convictions or courage, would have shaken the dust of Mr. Gladstone off his feet three or four years before the famous disaster on the Budget. But Mr. Shaw Lefevre on recent events in Ireland is much more instructive. As always, we demand nothing better than Mr. Shaw Lefevre's book to show the absolute untenability of the Home Rule position. Mr. Shaw Lefevre, with a blindness born, since he is not a stupid man himself, of something that can only be a confidence in the stupidity of his party, founds his whole argument on the supposition that the Land Act of 1881 made Irish tenants "co-owners" of their holdings. He repeats this word "co-owners" at every possible and impossible opportunity. Now we do not hesitate to say that Mr. Shaw Lefevre knows this word to be delusive; if we had not a greater respect for the law than he has, we should use much stronger terms. If Mr. Shaw Lefevre finds the word co-owners in that Act, he should quote the passage and reconcile it with others. If he does not find it but argues from the Act's provisions, let him answer these two questions:—How is it possible that one "co-owner" can evict the other? and, If the tenant co-owner makes a greater share of profit than has been fixed for him, will Mr. Shaw Lefevre recommend that a share of that share be assigned to the landlord co-owner? Mr. Shaw Lefevre, like all of them, knows that he cannot answer either of these questions; and he knows also that Mr. T. W. Russell has put him down hopelessly on his facts. We are pretty well acquainted with Irish history; but we own that we cannot remember a case where an English politician has exposed himself to such observations as Mr. Shaw Lefevre in reference to Irish matters. His facts are as the facts of Varillas; his argument is as the argument of Sadler.

We experience a certain relief in coming to Mr. Morrison Davidson's *Book of Erin*. Mr. Bryce and Mr. Shaw Lefevre pretend to be impartial, and are not; there is none of this nonsense about Mr. Davidson. It is a sad thing that we cannot, however, quite recommend him to Gladstonians. He is far, far from sound. "The Parliamentary death-bed repentance of Mr. Gladstone" is an awful phrase, which we meet on the threshold of his book, and which, though we cannot pretend to be Gladstonians, makes us shudder at Mr. Davidson's audacity. With still deeper alarm we are bound to say that, at the other end, Mr. Morrison Davidson blasphemes worse still. He would "like to have a good deal more confidence than he has on this point"—the point of Mr. Gladstone's schemes. O Heavens! to think of any Gladstonian wanting "more"—"a good deal more" confidence than he can already repose in Mr. Gladstone! It is dreadful; and we, a foreign and unfriendly folk, sympathize with the sufferings of the true Gladstonian as he reads Mr. Davidson. For, if you are not ready for the confidence trick, what conceivable standing have you as a Gladstonian? In other respects Mr. Davidson is sound enough—that is to say, he talks absolute nonsense on all parts of his subject. He thinks that Ireland is "aptly compared to a heraldic shield," which shows that he has either never looked at a heraldic shield, or does not know what a heraldic shield is. He thinks that Mr. Charles Mackay is an authority in etymology. He thinks that between Irish and English institutions there is a striking likeness, because "one was a Pentarchy and the other was a Heptarchy." He cites as unimpeachable witnesses to the golden age of Ireland, not merely Bede, who certainly counts, but Camden and Spenser,

who lived nearly a thousand, Thierry and Lacroix, who lived quite twelve hundred, years after date. When we get to later periods Mr. Morrison Davidson is quite equal to them and to himself. The Tudor successors of the old baronage are "a base ignoble herd of creeping, fawning, parchment-made peers—past masters in every kind of villainy, adepts in every imaginable vice." He says of Charles Blount, Lord Mountjoy, that he was "a cast-iron man, without a spark of chivalry in his nature." He thinks the cowardly ferocity of '98 "heroic." He thinks that "landlords and usurpers are worse than highwaymen." This is the kind of man that we like. There is no mistake about him.

Unfortunately when one side of a controversy goes mad it is but seldom that the other side abides in perfect sanity. The author of *Ireland from One or Two Neglected Points of View* is a sensible person generally. That the Irish Land Act of 1881 is "the greatest blow that has been struck in modern times at freedom and at honesty" is perfectly true; that Mr. Gladstone's qualities are "Celtic" is perfectly true; in fact, you may find a remarkably large number of true things in this funny pamphlet, the best being its insistence on the irreconcilable enmity between liberty and equality. But there are also things not quite so true or so wise in it. It is itself a word to the wise; now what we particularly want is a word to the unwise.

Dr. Ingram, in his *Two Chapters of Irish History*, escapes this error to a great degree, if not entirely. In his second paper especially—devoted to showing cause against the alleged "violation" of the Treaty of Limerick—he makes many excellent points. Nor is his first, on "The Irish Parliament of James II.," devoid of instruction, except to people who, like Mr. Bryce, deny that history repeats itself. This latter singular statement, by the way, accounts to us for the inferiority of Mr. Bryce's *America* to his *Holy Roman Empire*. He would hardly have denied that history repeats itself twenty years ago. But at that time he was not a Parliamentary Gladstonian.

In Mr. Burchaell's book we come to a blessed relief from politics. It is a really valuable volume, though not one about which much can be said in a review. We put it on our shelves with gratitude, and shall consult it, if not with frequency, yet with confidence. Writers who will perform this kind of specialist work worthily deserve especial honour, because it is so difficult to do honour to them in the ordinary way.

Mr. Richard Lovett's *Irish Pictures* is a handsome imperial octavo, not too thick to be wieldy, and very much after the fashion of the presentation-books of topography which are even more fashionable in France than here. The text is written, of course, carefully in order to avoid offence in stepping over such treacherous ground, but brightly enough. The illustrations, which are the point of the book, are numerous, of good size, well executed in woodcut, and possessing the special advantage of being limited to no one class of subject. Landscapes, buildings (including, of course, round towers), Irish crosses, Irish jewelry, implements like the curragh, a few maps, some portraits, &c., vary the decoration, which is well worth turning over, and will be found intelligently commented in the text.

Readers of the principal Scottish newspaper may have observed some good letters on the History of the Scottish Colonization of Ulster, published last spring. The author, Mr. Harrison, has done well to collect them in a volume, which every one who wishes to understand fully, and does not understand at present the iniquity of subjecting the population of Ulster to the agitators of Dublin and the raffia of the three more southern provinces, will do well to read.

Dr. Hime is himself, we believe, an efficient Irish schoolmaster, and his little pamphlet is a very natural and pardonable expansion of "There's nothing like leather" in its plea for keeping Irish boys at home. But he should not call Archdeacon Farrar as a witness.

HOMER.*

ENGLISH readers of Homer, whether they read for enjoyment or for examinations, already owe a great deal to Mr. Monro and Mr. Leaf. Both have now published the second volumes of their respective editions of the *Iliad*, and the books gain from being examined together. Mr. Leaf's is on a larger scale than Mr. Monro's, which is for schools; but even in the latter, in addition to notes on grammar, where Mr. Monro is a master, are interesting studies of epic composition. It is to this always attractive and unsettled problem that we shall chiefly confine our remarks. Mr. Leaf is well known to advocate a theory of an expanded original poem on the *Wrath of Achilles*. He believes in five *strata*, as he calls them, or stages of development. First there was the original poem of Achilles' *Wrath*, containing some 3,400 lines. Secondly, we have the earlier expansions—some of them, perhaps, by the original author himself, who doubtless took advantage of the new editions called for by his popular success. But first, perhaps, we should say that the original edition consisted of Books I. 1-429. 493-611. II. 1-51. 442-683. XI. 56-605. 762-848. XIII. 795-837.

* *Iliad XIV.—XXIV.* By D. B. Monro, M.A. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1888.

Iliad XIII.—XXIV. By Walter Leaf. London: Macmillan. 1888.

XV. 592-746. XVI. 1-167. 212-418. 684-867. XVII. 1-139. 237-365. XVIII. 1-33. 148-180. 202-353. XIX. 1-2. 40-87. 137-153. 270-9. 303-325. 338-424. XX. 381-3. 395-503. XXI. 34-138. 515-611. XXII. 1-404. This was the original *Wrath*, and Mr. Leaf, it will be seen, knows very minutely, down to passages of two lines, what it was. After the earlier expansions come the later expansions, including the Making of the Arms, by Hephestus, and all the last book. Now in the last seven books "Homer truly began to be himself," as Shelley says; and the last is best of all—approaching the high-watermark of mortal genius. Thus it is very interesting to learn that, where Homer is most himself, he is not Homer at all, and that his style is much like that of the *Odyssey*. May we, then, venture on the hypothesis that the author of the last Book of the *Iliad*, and of the *Odyssey*, was Homer, and that the others were merely preluders to his immortal strains? In Mr. Leaf's fourth stratum come "the Greater Interpolations," the Story of Phoenix, Nestor's stories, the Battle of the Gods, and the Games. The fifth stratum is made up of small interpolations, "by which the transitions from one piece to another of different ages were managed."

This is an abstract of Mr. Leaf's theory. What we want to know is, how he supposes it was done? Let us grant the original *Wrath*; in what condition did it exist? Was it only in the memory of the poet (1); or did he recite it from a book, of which he only had a copy (2), like certain early mediæval epic poets? or was it published after a fashion—that is, was there a small reading public supplied with copies (3)? In any of these cases, how were the additions managed? Did rival reciters follow the original poet about till they knew his piece off by heart; and did they then go about reciting it, with additions of their own? If so, how, when, and where did these different oral versions come all together into one poem? Did some bard follow all the reciters, and learn all their versions; get them off by heart; and give them out as his own, which, in a sense, they would be; for he combined all the additions? Or (2) did somebody get at the original book of the original poet, and write it out afresh, with all the additions he could hear of anywhere? Or (3), if there were a small reading public, how and when and where did they allow an original poem with which they were well acquainted to be not only swollen, but pretty nearly destroyed out of all knowledge, by incongruous and inconsistent interpolations?

Mr. Leaf shows us, in a very great number of places, that the celebrated *Iliad* is a tissue of helpless blunders and poetic impossibilities. This is not the view of the *Iliad* which the world has usually taken, but it is Mr. Leaf's view. What puzzles us most is this—if one poet wrote on bad, rude materials, or composed in his memory the chief of the *Iliad*, the discrepancies would be readily accounted for. But, if dozens or hundreds of people kept adding, interpolating, editing, and, finally, making a text, we should expect them to end by removing the inconsistencies. Any reader of Mr. Payn's proof-sheets could have "jined his flats" when he got mixed between his fair and his dark heroine, and made a lady of both complexions. Any "diaskeuast" could have prevented Mr. Robert Elsmere from sitting next three ladies at the same dinner-party, as some critics think he did. No genius was needed for these humble editorial feats. But the diaskeuasts and editors and interpolators who should have corrected Homer and prevented him from twice slaying the slain, and from forgetting that he had built a wall, did the very reverse of their duty. It was as if, in reading the proof-sheets of *The Antiquary*, James Ballantyne had inserted bits of *Pride and Prejudice*, *Ivanhoe*, *Marriage*, and *The Black Dwarf*. In short, it may be our own stupidity, but we can form no mental picture and tell ourselves no story as to how so many poets—good, bad, and indifferent—tinkered away at the *Iliad*, were aided by "diaskeuasts," and ended in leaving the poem with a "climax of absurdity"; here "a clumsy piece of work," there with "serious difficulties," everywhere with "crying discrepancies," abounding with "the maximum of confusion" in Book XVIII., with "contradictions," "clumsy attempts," "linguistic offences," and other crimes and misdemeanours. If this was all the interpolators, and diaskeuasts, and poets, and the rest could do, we very heartily wish that they had left the poem alone, and that the author of the last book had preferred to employ his undoubted genius in a sequel to the *Odyssey*. The many cooks have spoiled the broth, indeed, and the only comfort is that, not being commentators, we do not see how bad the *Iliad* is when we read it. Mr. Leaf himself (p. 12) thinks that the ingenuity of the learned Fick "begins to bear an unfortunate family resemblance to [the method] of Mr. Ignatius Donnelly." Some old conservative friends of Homer will think that Mr. Leaf himself knows too much and is too disenchanted.

Mr. Monro is more indulgent to the poet (or *société des gens de lettres*) than Mr. Leaf. "The true explanation is that the story is not, and cannot be, free from improbabilities. The poet is satisfied if the improbabilities do not jar upon his hearers or injure the general effect of his work." As to the trouble about the wall round the Greek camp Mr. Monro says, "It would seem, on the whole, that the difficulties arise from our ignorance of the conditions of Homeric warfare, or from the tendency to lay undue stress on isolated expressions." But he notes lines where "there is some reason to suspect interpolation." About Book XX. Mr. Monro remarks, "The plan of the book brings out one of the contradictions which are the stumbling-block of critics, but which really lie deep in the nature of epic poetry. . . . The poet has to

fill his canvas." But he, too, picks out "interpolations." We are like the lookers-on in *Bon Gaultier* :—

When the petrified spectator
Asked, in horror-struck alarm,
"Where may be the warrior's body?
Which is leg and which is arm?"

Where may be the poet's body? which is Homer and which is interpolator? In several passages, as in Book XXIV., we have already said that the interpolator is Homer. Both Mr. Leaf and Mr. Monro are puzzled by the inconsistent conduct of Poseidon, who, though an enemy of Troy, rescues Æneas. Why, Poseidon himself explains his behaviour. Æneas, as all the world knows, is *pious* and is *pater*. "He always gives dear gifts to the Gods," and "it will not do to let the race of Dardanus perish" (XX. 298, 303-307). As *pater* and as *pious*, then, the good Æneas moves the pity of Poseidon, though he commonly backed the Achæans. About the last book Mr. Monro is much of Mr. Leaf's mind. "The Ransoming of Hector really represents a sensible advance upon the very elementary morality of the Homeric times." The expedition of Priam "is unlike the manner of the Iliad" (but the *matter*, also, is unlike), and "the language of the Twenty-fourth Book shows many coincidences with that of the Odyssey," as Mr. Monro proves by a long list of quotations. We prefer to believe, with Shelley, that Homer began to be himself at the end of the Iliad, and was himself all through the Odyssey.

It is very possible that Mr. Leaf, and Mr. Monro when he agrees with him, are in the right. If we could only form some idea of how the thing was done, it would be more easy to believe in this crowd of different poets, many so good, many so bad, in these diasqueasts who only set things askew, in these editors who merely made the poem a tangle of the discrepancies which it was their business to clear away. Could Mr. Leaf or Mr. Monro write an historical romance, set before us in words the story of the development of the Iliad? Would they agree if they did, and what would Fick say, and Peppmüller, who thinks Book XXIV. a stupid *pastiche*, and Düntzer, who thinks two of the three dirges "weak and flat"? Verily we would rather hold that "every word between the two boards of this brick" was the work of Homer.

On the many merits of the grammatical, critical, and archaeological notes in these editions it were superfluous to enlarge. Mr. Leaf appears to have read everything that ever pen of German wrote on Homer. Mr. Monro's grammatical eminence is pretty widely recognized. Mr. Leaf gives a photograph of a column of the Bankes Papyrus, an interesting decoration of this really monumental work.

EMMA LAZARUS.*

IN these two volumes are reprinted the works in verse of a young Jewish girl, not unknown nor unappreciated in this country, for whom, in their injudicious way, the Americans are endeavouring to create an immortality by force. Miss Emma Lazarus, who was born in 1849, died still young in November 1887; her character was charming to a very high degree; she was accomplished, enthusiastic, sympathetic; and there is no reason why her friends, in their legitimate regret at her untimely end, should not collect her scattered works, and garner what harvest she had gathered in with all piety and care. But, if they had merely done that, we should in all probability have had nothing to say about them or her. We take cognizance here of the two volumes of her works that we may once again raise our warning note about excess of posthumous praise, and the unreasonable zeal which showers immortal wreaths all over the place. The gifts of Emma Lazarus were such as to ensure for her a prominent position among her friends, however well read or skillful those friends might be. Hers was no preposterous Western talent, fostered in vanity and ignorance by some coterie of Kansas or Kentucky. What there was for a studious woman to know she knew; her training, the cultivation of her intellect, were European; she was a very clever and a very studious girl. In the course of her modern studies she became enamoured of the modern poets, and out of love came imitation. She read Mr. William Morris, and she was able to write thus :—

In these transparent-clouded, gentle skies,
Wherethrough the moist beams of the soft June sun
Might any moment break, no sorrow lies,
No note of grief in swollen brooks that run,
No hint of woe in this subdued, calm tone
Of all the prospect unto dreamy eyes.

She was too accomplished to imitate the hackneyed parts of Tennyson; but, when she composed her elaborate blank-verse soliloquy of "Saint Romualdo," she did not perceive, and of course her American admirers are not aware, that it is directly founded on "St. Simeon Stylites." Her lyrics are bright, lively, almost brilliant, but they invariably suggest greater masters. How this and that show, we say to ourselves, that she had been reading Ronsard, or was under the spell of Heine, or ambitious to repeat the unstudied charm of Miss Rossetti! She was very modest; her careful and scholarly verse was well worth producing; and we desire to say no word that can wound the legi-

timate susceptibilities of those who loved her. But it is impossible to accept her as an original power. On the other hand, her gifts were precisely those which adorn a translator; and her versions, those of curious mediæval Hebrew poets in particular, are as beautiful and interesting as many of them are unfamiliar.

LATIN LEXICONS.*

IN the ten years which have passed since Lewis and Short's Latin Dictionary first appeared its merits and defects had come to be pretty well recognized. It had been hoped that a new edition would be forthcoming to amend the faults and extend the usefulness of the most convenient, if not the most scientific, of modern Lexicons. It was known that Dr. Lewis, who was responsible for seven-eighths of the compilation, was at work upon another dictionary; and it is something of a disappointment that he has now issued, not a revision and extension of his original work, but an abbreviation of it, intended for the use of schoolboys. For so limited an object the present publication is too elaborate, too big, and too expensive. The scholar who requires a dictionary as good as this needs one that is very much better. With perfect candour Dr. Lewis states in his preface that he has confined himself to supplying "all that a student needs, after acquiring the elements of grammar, for the interpretation of the Latin authors commonly read in schools, and for correct expression, to the extent of the vocabulary of these authors." But who are the authors commonly read in schools? Everything depends upon Dr. Lewis's answer to this question, and the answer is not satisfactory. Amongst the authors whom he excludes are Plautus, Catullus, Tibullus, Propertius, Pliny the younger, and Tacitus "in his larger works." The writer of these remarks was educated in a school not famous for wide reading; but before he had passed into the Sixth Form he had made acquaintance with all these writers, and with some others whom Dr. Lewis has excluded from the ordinary school curriculum. He has not contented himself with laying down an arbitrary canon; he has rigorously enforced it. That may be imputed to him for self-consistency, but it grievously detracts from the value of his Dictionary, even to the schoolboys for whom it has been constructed. He has generally omitted the Latin names of rare plants and gems, the terms of medicine, architecture, and law, and the technical or secondary significations which came to be attached to some words in common use. That has lightened the bulk of the volume and shortened many of the articles; and, as the volume is already bulky and many of the articles far from short, it may have been a matter of necessity for Dr. Lewis to adopt the system of which we are complaining. As to the omission of rare words, that may be condoned. But even for a knowledge of purely Augustan usage it is necessary for everybody, most of all for a schoolboy, to trace the word back to its origin, if not onwards to its later developments or corruptions. To look at the matter from a slightly different point of view, under Dr. Lewis's plan it becomes impossible, because the writers on Roman jurisprudence are not commonly read in schools, to quote the neat and accurate definitions which lie scattered about their works—e.g. Dr. Lewis omits in the present Dictionary his former quotation from Gaius (*s.v. imperium*):—"Imperio contineri iudicia dicuntur quia tamdiu valent quamdiu is qui ea precepit imperium habet." Even more serious is the self-imposed limitation *s.v. ærarium*, where no reference is made to the important distinction between *ærarium* and *fiscus*, apparently because "Tacitus in his larger works" is supposed to be an author not commonly read in schools. The article *s.v. comitia* is jejune almost to inaccuracy; the word *calata* is not mentioned except *s.v. calo*; *curiata* were held "mainly to ratify or veto decrees of the Senate," and "in later times only for taking the auspices"; the information about *centuriata* and *tributa* is not more generous, although we are told that constant reference has been made to Smith's *Dictionary of Antiquities*. These deficiencies, and many others not so striking, are endured the less easily because a great deal of space has been occupied with nearly useless articles—e.g. "ORESTES, is or re, acc. em or en, voc. a or e, m., = 'Ὀρέστης, a son of Agamemnon, who slew his mother'—or quite useless, e.g. "NOËMŌN, onis, m., = Νόημων, I. a companion of Æneas (Vergil). II. A Lycian (Ovid)." In the geographical articles it is pleasant to notice that the modern names are generally given; in this and in most other respects the Dictionary has been written up to the best standard of modern teaching. All the long syllables have been marked, and those not marked are presumed to be short; in this matter we have not detected one typographical error, and this says a good deal for the care with which the book has been revised. In refusing to insert any "roots" except "words actually spoken and written by the Romans," Dr. Lewis has acted upon his own judgment, and against the advice

* *A Latin Dictionary for Schools*. By Charlton T. Lewis, Ph.D., Editor of Lewis and Short's Latin Dictionary. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

* *A Latin-English Dictionary*. By C. G. Gepp, M.A., late Assistant-Master at Bradford College, Author of "Progressive Exercises in Latin Elegiac Verse" &c., and A. E. Haigh, M.A., late Fellow of Hertford College, Oxford, and Lecturer of Corpus Christi and Wadham Colleges, London: Rivingtons.

* *Lexicon Casarianum*. By H. Meusel. Fascicul. ix. x. (Vol. ii. Fascicul. i. ii.) Berlin: W. Weber.

* *The Poems of Emma Lazarus*. 2 vols. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1889.

which was given him by many experienced teachers and eminent scholars in America; and there can be little doubt that he decided rightly. In orthography he has been guided "in almost every particular" by the standard rules of Brambach. He separates U (V vocalis) from V (U consonans); he does not recognize the intrusion of "the modern sign, J j, to represent the consonantal or transitional force of I i," because, amongst other reasons, being appropriated in English to a sound wholly unlike the consonantal I, i, "it suggests a perverse and intolerable pronunciation." For the accuracy of statement and skill of arrangement exemplified in an overwhelming majority of the articles in this Dictionary a fastidious Latinist would have little but praise to bestow. Of the printing we might be contented to say that it is worthy of the Oxford Clarendon Press. It is almost too good. It makes the reader fancy that he can master a whole article in a single glance.

Nearly contemporaneous with Dr. Lewis's Dictionary comes one that is very much cheaper and very much simpler; wider in its aim and less profound in its execution. Mr. Gepp and Mr. Haigh have compiled a Latin Dictionary, also for the use of schools, but not restricted to an imaginary school course. While they do not pretend, in a volume which can be carried inside a moderate pocket, to embrace all Latinity, they profess to have excluded only words peculiar to Plautus and Lucretius, on the one hand, and, on the other, to prose-writers subsequent to the reign of Trajan. In face of the Westminster Play, can it be a fact that Plautus is not generally read in schools? In the school-days of a writer not yet middle-aged parts of Lucretius used to be studied in Sixth Forms, and within the last two or three years a popular edition has been noticed in the columns of the *Saturday Review*. To let that pass, Mr. Gepp and Mr. Haigh have not confined themselves to meeting the supposed wants of the tyrannical schoolboy; they have provided for "the rusty scholar who wishes to renew his acquaintance with his favourite authors." By abstaining from the citation of authorities and the quotation of illustrative passages they have made room for many of the rare words which are generally found only in the larger dictionaries—the very words for which a book of reference is required by readers of Latin who do not intend to become Latinists. These are they who take for gospel whatever they find in a dictionary; they do not turn up references and cavil at illustrations. They construe their Latin as they would solve a puzzle. When they don't understand a Latin sentence, they look out the different words in a dictionary, and pick out such meanings of each as will fit together; and they don't trouble themselves about the history of words and the connexion between their different significations. Such scholars as these will find all they want in this handbook of Latinity; but it must not be supposed that the work has been brought down to so lowly a level as would satisfy their requirements. The articles have been carefully written; they do not afford much scope for adverse criticism, nor do they invite it by attempting to condense information which is useless unless it is put out at length. The best way to give an idea of the book is to quote a couple of typical articles. On the word *aboleo* the principal parts are duly given, and then the meanings follow, "lit. *check the growth of* 1. *efface, abolish, destroy*. 2. *burn*. 3. (poet.) *boil down, cleanse*, Virg. G. iii. 560." That is all. As to etymology, the editors explain that they have given the derivations most generally received, because to omit them would be "to invite the adverse criticism of those who regard a root as a kind of fetish," not because they believe that etymology is a study which can be advantageously begun at an early age. They claim to have eradicated most of "the obviously untenable derivations." Evidently they take little pleasure in the more recent developments of philology which have made obsolete the advanced knowledge of twenty years ago. Rightly or wrongly, they persist in regarding *provincia* as a contraction of *providentia*, and they state as its first meaning "charge, command, government, administration, sphere of office (*Aquilio Herenici provincia event*). The second meanings are "a province, i.e. a territory out of Italy brought under Roman administration, and a provincial administration." Thirdly comes the figurative meaning—"an office, business; sibi provinciam deponit ut me in meo lectulo trucidaret." A good deal of care was wanted, and has not been grudged, in the compilation of this convenient little Dictionary. It does not aim high, but it hits the mark. Proper names have been inserted in their places, and the Appendices contain the Roman Calendar, Weights and Measures, and the calculations of Interest which have puzzled many schoolboys and some who are no longer schoolboys.

This portion of the *Lexicon Cæsarianum* extends from *jaceo* to *Labiens*, and does not quite complete the first half of H. Meusel's gigantic undertaking. To praise it would be impertinent, because, like the gods of Aristotle, it is above praise. Tested by such standards as we could apply, each article seems to be exhaustive. The classification of passages according to the different shades of meaning in which each word has been used by Cæsar might offer room for minute criticism; e.g. *s.r. jactura*, vi. 12, 2 is classed under the meaning "*dona, sumptus*" rather than under "*damnum*." The words are "*Germanos atque Ariovistum sibi adiunxerant eosque ad se magnis jacturis pollicitationibusque perduxerant*." Here "*jacturis*" might plausibly be translated "*sacrifices*"; but the possibility of that rendering does not affect the propriety of Meusel's classification. That is a type of the objections which might be urged by a captious scholar against

some of the articles. As for solid objections, they do not seem to be discoverable. The words are classified, not only by differentiation of meanings, but according to the variety of constructions in which the author has used them—e.g. *insuetus* with the *gen.* is separated from *insuetus* with *ad* and the accusative. As an instance of the thoroughness with which Meusel's work has been done, it will be sufficient to summarize the article *s.r. iudicium*. First, we have "*questio et cognitio legibus constituta*," with the five passages in which it occurs quoted at length; secondly, "*sententia quam ferunt iudices aut ii qui iudicium quodam modo loco sunt*," with all the numerous usages classified according to the use of the noun; thirdly, there is "*opinio, existimatio*" in three classes. Lastly, there is "*voluntas, consilium*," as in the passage "*Ambiorix copias suas iudicione non conduxerit quod prelio dimicandum non existimaret . . . an tempore exclusus . . . dubium est*." Even more wonderful than the material results of this laborious collation are the energy and devotion which inspire a man to build up bit by bit, slowly and with infinite labour, a solid edifice of learning for the use of those who will come after him and, almost without acknowledgment, appropriate the work of his life.

NEW PRINTS AND ETCHINGS.

SILVER-POINT has become so rare in the present day that we have particular pleasure in calling attention to some heads executed in this refined medium by Mr. Charles Sainton, which are at present exhibited at the galleries of Messrs. Dowdeswell. They are carried out in thin pure lines, without the aid of any extraneous shading or darkening, and they will give great pleasure to those who, like ourselves, regret the almost entire abandonment by recent artists of the delicate silver stylus. We hope to see more of Mr. Sainton's work.

At the same galleries are exhibited a number of proofs, apparently all in the same state, printed from a dry point, which Mr. Mortimer Menpes, a Colonial painter of considerable promise, has made from Frans Hals's "*Banquet of the Archers of Saint Adriaan*" at Haarlem. On the invitation card issued to the representatives of the press these words were quaintly added:—"Size of Plate 36 by 26." The explanatory pamphlet put into our hands also emphasized this fact of the bigness of the work, and assured us that this was "the most ambitious—may we say the most considerable?—work in dry point that has ever been done." We confess that we think this is a question which Mr. Menpes may not ask. It is, we must inform him, a Colonial prejudice that mere size deserves consideration, and all that he and his advertisers din into our ears about the bigness of his plate, which may be, as they tell us, the largest ever etched in dry point, leaves us perfectly cold. Art is not necessarily best in jeroboams. Mr. Menpes gets himself advertised too persistently; he should know that he has no need to shout his own praises so loudly and so incessantly. Left to its own qualities, his work would make itself appreciated. His "*Banquet of Saint Adrian*" is a carefully drawn and meritorious production, not of the very highest excellence, and showing signs of inexperience, but artistic and well felt. He will probably do better in future work of a less trying size, and he will perhaps in time overcome what is the most crying fault of this particular plate, its inability to suggest the general richness of colour in the original composition. We say this without denying that in some isolated portions, as particularly in the bronzed faces of the Archers, the etcher has skillfully interpreted the tone which he found before him.

Messrs. Boussod, Valadon, & Co. have sent us the Goupil-gravures, expressly prepared, from water-colour drawings by M. Ernest Duez and Mr. Albert Lynch, for their exquisite quarto edition of the *Pierre et Jean* of M. Guy de Maupassant. We have seen no more perfect examples of this form of artistic illustration, which renders the brush-work of the original drawing with such absolute delicacy that we cannot but look upon it as the most dangerous rival of the old forms of engraving which has yet been invented. M. Duez paints quiet and discreet little views of the watering-places at the mouth of the Seine; we recognize Trouville, certainly, and we think Houlgate and Luc also, under skies that are somewhat cold and melancholy, but very true. Mr. Lynch's larger plates, which illustrate the story, are, for all his English-sounding name, more French than those of M. Duez, although his heroine, Mme. Roland, is English in type. His groups are solidly drawn, very modern in character, often extremely clever in the dealing with difficulties of perspective, and they have a direct and accurate relation to the text, which is as valuable in illustration as it is rare. This edition of *Pierre et Jean* is highly creditable to the firm which issues it. We fear such work can scarcely be produced at present in this country; we see that these plates were engraved and printed at Asnières-sur-Seine.

THE END OF THE MIDDLE AGES.*

IN spite of Mme. Darmesteter's too abundant flow of words, her multiplication of epithets, and her tendency to imitate some of the failings of Mr. J. A. Symonds, her "*dear Master*,"

* *The End of the Middle Ages: Essays and Questions in History.* By A. Mary F. Robinson (Madame James Darmesteter). London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1889.

as she calls him in her gushing Dedication, we have read her volume of essays with much interest. She has thoroughly mastered her subjects, and writes on them with genuine enthusiasm. The choice of a title for her book exercised her considerably; the one she has adopted is certainly, as she says, "large and comfortable," and "covers in its vast expanse a host of strangers." Her first three essays deal with mediæval German mysticism, with special reference to the lives and thoughts of certain saintly ladies of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries; the remainder are, for the most part, on different phases of the relations between the French and the Italian Powers from the marriage of Louis of Orleans and Valentine Visconti to the retreat of Charles VIII. from Italy. Beguism—a secular movement without vows or seclusion—was, as is noted here, doomed to decay from the moment that Francis and Dominic "obtained the papal sanction for their tertiary Orders of Penitence," for it was then matched with organizations which, while they answered to the same cravings, were stronger, newer, and more distinctly religious in character. On the very eve of its decay it was adorned as it had never been adorned before by the fame of Mechtilde of Magdeburg. Mechtilde, a young lady of noble birth and ecstatic temperament, became a Beguine in 1235, when she was twenty-three years of age. She was a poetess, a woman of lofty soul, full of passionate self-devotion. Priests and prelates listened to her reproofs, which did not spare even the Pope himself. With the people her influence was secured by her visions, her prophecies, and the "lilting dancing measures of her songs." Orthodox as she was, the mystical pantheism of the time had some place in her utterances; she spoke of herself and of all things as having arisen in the Deity and as returning to their source. By the Beghards and Beguines of a later age this idea was pursued to its ultimate consequences, and became with some an incitement to insane austerity, and with the majority an excuse for vagabondage and sensual practices. Early in the fourteenth century the heresy, immorality, and "mendicant insolence" of these mystics provoked the condemnation of the Church; many of them were burnt, the orthodox Beguines joined the tertiary Orders, and the names Beghard and Beguine were commonly "applied to any new sect of heretics." Mysticism in conventual life is illustrated by the story of Gertrude, Abbess of Helfta, and her sister, another Mechtilde. It is told with considerable pathos and poetic feeling, and the contrast between the two sisters and their feelings with respect to each other are admirably described. The physical effects of the mystic life upon the nuns was naturally deplorable; "many of the younger sisters, underfed, deprived of air and exercise, had not strength to support the abnormal existence of the visionary." Hysteria was encouraged, and the nuns "died young of undefined diseases." The close connexion between German mysticism and the doctrines of Plotinus, and the steps by which the later mystics were led to an ecstatic contemplation of Deity as Nothing—"All is One, and All is Nothing" was their dreary creed—are examined in an essay entitled the "Attraction of the Abyss."

Mme. Darmesteter introduces her essays on the designs of the French on Italy by giving a short account of the rise of the Papal Schism, which from time to time exercised a determining influence on the course of European politics. This is followed by a bright and interesting sketch of the career of Valentine Visconti, daughter of the great Giangaleazzo, and wife of Louis of Orleans. In this, as indeed in most of her distinctly historical work, Mme. Darmesteter writes more soberly, and, therefore, more pleasantly than in her earlier essays. She has considerable skill in describing character. Charles VI., the "gentle, kindly, unimportant creature," who at twenty-five became subject to terrible fits of madness; his brother Louis, handsome, eloquent, and gay, adored by ladies, and not undeservedly hated by the people; the Queen, beautiful, selfish, and dissolute, the "Lady Venus" of Jacques Legrand's sermon; and, above all, the Duchess Valentine, a courageous and gentle lady, who alone of all the Court dared to sit with the mad King and amuse him, who was devoted to her husband's interests in spite of his unfaithfulness to her, and died broken-hearted, "of anger and mourning," when she could find no one to avenge his murder, are all portrayed with a happy combination of firmness and delicacy of touch. That Mme. Darmesteter can, when she chooses, tell a story in first-rate style is proved by her narrative of the murder of Orleans; it is a pity that she does not always write as simply and as well. Valentine's marriage was the beginning of a chain of events which may be said to end with the virtual loss of the Italian dependencies of France at the battle of Pavia. Independently of the splendour of the match—Giangaleazzo, it will be remembered, was not then Duke of Milan—her father hoped that it would make him safe against any attacks from his exiled cousins, and would give him the headship of the Guelphs "until he could secure something better"—the title of King of Italy. Accordingly, he willingly surrendered the county of Asti as part of his daughter's marriage portion, and thus gave the French a footing in Lombardy, which they could use as a basis for future attempts to make their vision of an Italian kingdom a reality. In default of a direct male heir, Valentine and her descendants were to be his heirs in Milan, and with this contingency in view he formed a curious scheme of partition between himself and his allies by which Naples was to go to Anjou, Rome to the French Pope Clement VII., Adria, "that is the centre of Italy from Spoleto to Ferrara, and from Massa to Ancona," to Orleans, and the North to himself, intending, no doubt, that by some

arrangement or other "the kingdom of Adria and the kingdom of Lombardy should lose themselves in one monarchy." The French King, however, got hold of Genoa, which grievously offended Giangaleazzo, and so the kingdom of Adria never came into existence. On the death of Filippo Maria Visconti Charles of Orleans asserted his claim to Milan. He had plenty of rivals, for the remark of Henry IV. of France, on hearing of the death of the Duke of Cleves—"il a laissé tout le monde son héritier"—might with equal truth have been applied to Duke Filippo Maria. The claim of the House of Orleans is discussed in an essay which made its first appearance in the *English Historical Review*; it is a thoroughly creditable piece of work. The claim is by no means a simple matter, for Giangaleazzo obtained three investitures from the Emperor, the second limiting the descent of the Duchy to male heirs, while the first and third were granted in terms which left the matter open. He also made three wills, and of these the most important is only known to us by an extract from a letter recommending Lodovico II Moro to get hold of and destroy all the copies, as it provided for the succession of Valentine's heirs—advice which, as may well be imagined, was not disregarded. Besides, as Mme. Darmesteter observes, we have to inquire what manner of fief Milan was, and "which class of fiefs admits a woman to be her father's heir." Among all the competitors Francesco Sforza, who "appears at least a man," adopted the most effectual mode of enforcing his claim; he put an army in the field, defeated the Venetians, who were opposing him, at Caravaggio, turned his arms against Milan, and entered the city as a conqueror. During the reign of Louis XI. "the star of Orleans suffered a long eclipse" both in France and in Italy. As Dauphin, Louis had some designs on Italy, and appears to have contemplated the formation of a kingdom "which should comprise Dauphiny, the Ticinese, Asti, the Piacentine angle of the Emilia, and the entire stretch of Liguria." But even before he succeeded to the throne he saw that the consolidation of his own kingdom should be the first object of a king of France. Asti, the country which Valentine brought her husband, became of some importance during the invasion of Italy by Charles VIII. Louis of Orleans fortified the town; for he believed that Milan was ready to accept him as Duke as the heir of Valentine, and declared his readiness to meet Lodovico in battle. However, he had to return to France "none the richer for his endeavours." Before long he ascended the throne as Louis XII., and then the claim of the House of Orleans became part of the inheritance of the French Crown. Three of these essays relate mainly to the period of Charles VIII.'s invasion. One on the "Ladies of Milan," which is of no special value, is written in rather a silly style. In reading of the sudden rise of Lodovico II Moro we come upon, "And now—ah, Time's revenges! the Duke was murdered," and so on. The story of the "Flight of Piero de' Medici," which follows, is told with spirit; and the volume ends with an excellent account of the policy of the French with respect to Pisa, from the underhand dealings of Boucicaut with Messer Gabriel Maria Visconti to the time when, Enragues having refused the command of his master to deliver Pisa again into the hands of the Florentines, the citizens, finding themselves helpless and being afraid of the greed of Venice, offered themselves to Cesar Borgia, and marked their resentment of the conduct of the French towards their city by stipulating that the Duke should promise "never to make any peace or league with France."

A SHAKSPEARE GALLERY.*

FOR some considerable time past the plays of Shakspeare have been anything but springs of inspiration for English painters. One Academy follows another with scarcely a single attempt, dramatic or pictorial, in Shakspearian illustration. There were bolder spirits once. The picture galleries teemed with heroic examples, and every sightseer's tongue discoursed glibly of the historic and the sublime, in the days when Haydon lectured, when Alderman Boydell commissioned, or when Macclise produced his remarkable and disconcerting scene from *Hamlet*. On the whole, perhaps, posterity will have more cause to be grateful for present reticence than past exuberance. The coyness of living painters is, after all, perfectly intelligible and possibly commendable. But, if we have no art patron of Boydell's peculiar ambition and energy, we have a somewhat novel and decidedly interesting record of Shakspearian illustration in the series of engravings after eminent artists entitled *Shakspeare's Heroines*. These plates commemorate the exhibition held at the Graphic Gallery last spring. They comprise excellent reproductions in Goupilgrature, printed from copper, of the twenty-one paintings contributed on that occasion. They are issued in two forms. In the first place, a limited issue of artists' proofs, with Mr. W. E. Henley's descriptive notes, in a tall and handsome portfolio, the plates and letterpress being alike unattached, so that the owner may frame all or sundry according to his taste, or preserve the portfolio intact. In the second set of impressions the form is reduced by some five inches, and plates and text bound together in an attractive quarto volume. Each series has its advantages. The conveniences of the portfolio are obvious, apart from the seductions of signed proofs and nobler style of mounting. On the other hand, Mr. Henley's notes are so entirely what they should be

* *Shakspeare's Heroines*. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1889.

that they merit the closer bond of union they obtain in the quarto. They tell the tale of Shakspeare with Lamb-like sincerity and simplicity. The point and disciplined directness of Mr. Henley's "arguments" are indeed altogether admirable qualities.

The presentment of a Shakspearian heroine might naturally be expected to stir the dramatic impulse in the painter. Perhaps the ideal of such a character-study, which, of all possible, is most likely to engage popular imagination, is one that makes some large response to a famous stage representation. This, however, would sorely limit the painter's enterprise. Lady Macbeth does not figure in *Shakspeare's Heroines*. Mere portraiture, on the one hand, is just as inadmissible as the study of the female figure, draped more or less in accord with archaic research, such as is not always pleasurably called up by the phrase "types of beauty." There should be just sufficient suggestion of action, or it may be of gesture only, to satisfy the dramatic spirit. The artists in the present series show with few exceptions little or no dramatic impulse. They have been chiefly content to charm by other means. Some of the most pleasing of these studies might better represent the idyllic nymphs of eighteenth-century pastoral poetry than the women of Shakspeare. Mr. Leslie's Anne Page is a sweet creature; but sweet she is not with the sweetness of Shakspeare. The Imogen of Mr. Herbert Schmalz, grasping her two-edged sword like the Judith of an Academical competition, is rousing even unto wonderment, though we cannot accept her as representing the poet's exquisite creation. We marvel, also, that Mr. J. W. Waterhouse, one of whose early successes was inspired by *The Tempest*, should depict the "Serpent of old Nile" in the bad old popular way as a sort of Romany queen, and not as the most beautiful and accomplished and alluring of women. The projecting underlip of Cleopatra is hideous, though perhaps the process of reproduction is here unjust to the original, as it may be in rendering the flesh textures of the Audrey of Mr. P. R. Morris, which, by the way, is a capital conception. When twenty-one painters combine, there is naturally much diversity of style, and all sorts of tastes may be propitiated by so varied a collection of studies. Who is to decide as to the express image and counterfeit of a Shakspearian heroine? Did Cressida have saucer-like eyes, and was she as inane as Mr. Poynter presents her? Some may object to Mr. Calderon's charming Juliet as too girlish an enthusiast, forgetful that she "wanted some weeks of fourteen" when she met her fate. After all is said, abundant fascination remains in such examples as Mr. Alma Tadema's noble study of matronly meditation, "Portia, the wife of Brutus," in Mr. Goodall's storm-set Miranda, the radiant beauty of Mr. Blair Leighton's Olivia, the elegant and spirited Beatrice of Mr. F. Dicksee, and Sir F. Leighton's admirable Desdemona. The whole work is produced in excellent style in printing, mounting, and binding.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE Duke de Broglie, in one of those half-prefatory, half-eulogistic letters which seem to Englishmen so curious, draws a useful moral from M. du Bled's (1) collection of papers on the brilliant group of wits whose chiefs were Rivarol and Chamfort (though Chamfort, we do not quite know why, is left out). The Duke's moral is the uselessness of mere wit in politics; and certainly there is uncomfortable truth in his words, without going so far as a pessimist of our acquaintance, who says "The stupidest side *always* wins." M. du Bled's book, however, need not frighten anybody, for it is crammed full of the most brilliant things. Most of them, perhaps, are known to well-read people with good memories; but, then, most people are not well read, and have very short memories. M. du Bled, perhaps wisely, has been more careful to quote and collect than to solemnly discuss, and a frivolous world will probably be grateful to him. At any rate, you may take up the book and read it anyhow—forwards, backwards, dipping, or how you please—with the certainty of coming before long on one or other of those sayings of Rivarol, Champeynet, Maury, Mallet du Pan, Talleyrand, Ségur, Boufflers, Narbonne, Arnault, Lemerrier, and a dozen others, which, as M. de Broglie rightly describes them, are like nothing so much as "les gerbes d'un feu d'artifice"—as brilliant, as ingenious, and (he might have added, and in fact does in other words) as futile and as brief.

M. Baluffe (2) is a Moliériste of the strictest sect—a kind of person of whom it is safest to say that, though usually more accurate and more sensible, he belongs to something like the same kind as our Shakspearian commentators. That is to say, it is much more interesting to M. Baluffe to discuss Molière's *Pérezas fauteuil*; to inquire into the origin of *Tartuffe*, *Tartufe*, or *Tartuffe*, as a word; to chronicle caressingly the genealogy of some perfectly unimportant person who may have met the poet at some perfectly unimportant place; to argue "at loss of sight" about the character and condition of Jean Poquelin, and so forth, than to read, mark, learn, and digest the *Ecole des Femmes* and the *Femmes Savantes*, the *Misanthrope* and the *Festin de Pierre*. At least, if it is not so, we beg his pardon heartily. But he certainly seems to devote himself chiefly to mint and anise,

and when he meets people who do not, he either hurls at their heads such polite terms as "rapsodie banale," or laments pathetically over the shortcomings of good men. Perhaps, however, we may find a Moliériste to do M. Baluffe justice.

An unusually large number of French schoolbooks points to the beginning of a new year. Mr. Moriarty's *French Accidence*, in a "Parallel Grammar Series" (Swan Sonnenschein), represents the latest school of grammar-writing in a favourable light; for Mr. Moriarty is not only a scholar, but a scholar without the bluster and pretension which form the strangest and ugliest tradition of scholarship. At the same time we must say that, though the grammar is very well conceived and arranged, and avails itself to the full of those typographical devices which are nowhere more useful, the very first page gives a curious instance of what we can only call the irrational passion for innovating—the special *lues* of nineteenth-century scholars. All who know the subject know that for some time past a dead set has been made at the poor "Conditional mood," which it seems we must not, on peril of our scholarly souls, call Conditional, but must call the "future of the past"—a name apparently originating in Topsy-turvy land. Mr. Moriarty joins himself unto these persecutors, and strengthens himself by a quotation from Burguy. As we hope Mr. Moriarty is a man of humour, we shall suppose that he did not perceive a whimsical coincidence in his very citation. Burguy is denouncing the habit of regarding the hypothetical use of the form as its "nature foncière," and as a "qualité de mode." "Supposons," he goes on, "un moment que ce mode existe; il serait assez extraordinaire" &c. We shall not do any reader the injustice of thinking that he wants to have the joke of the enforced use of "serait" after "supposons," when you are denouncing the conditional name of the conditional, insisted on further. Barrère's *French Grammar* (Whittaker) requires less notice because it is in a second edition. M. Barrère will not lack approval when he denounces the mania for *grammaires savantes*. But he need not at the same time have given way to a curious weakness of "French masters," and denounced, or appeared to denounce, the study of old French. The Rev. J. A. Moran has produced (Dublin: Keating) a *French Grammar and Composition* quite of the old style, very simple and good. Mr. Sonntag's *French Grammar*, on the other hand (London and Glasgow: Blackie) is, as it seems to us, overloaded with attempts to make a grammar do what it never can do, and include an entire lexicon of phrase. How can it possibly be called the business of a grammar to lay down that "*Qui que, qui que ce soit* are only used when speaking of persons. *Quoique, quoique ce soit* are only used when speaking of things"? Of this there is no end.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

THE latest volume of the handy Camelot Series (Walter Scott) consists of *Essays of William Hazlitt*, selected and edited by Frank Carr. It includes the well-known papers on Mrs. Siddons, Mr. Kean's Iago, Wit and Humour, Actors and Acting, Hogarth's Marriage à la Mode, the Look of a Gentleman, Persons One would Wish to have Seen, the Prose Style of Poets, the Conversation of Authors, with some others from "The Round Table," and other sources. From "The Round Table" essays even more characteristic than here chosen might have been given; but the editor, it must be said, has presented such specimens of Hazlitt's prose as should serve to whet the appetite of those not acquainted with his direct and nimble style, his insight into most things, and his suggestive power. Mr. Carr contributes a pleasant introduction, in which he touches with a light hand on the familiar events of Hazlitt's career and the part he played in the brilliant little coterie represented by Coleridge, Wordsworth, Lamb, and Leigh Hunt.

Afloat, by Miss Laura Ensor (George Routledge & Sons), is supposed to be an English version of M. Guy de Maupassant's *Sur l'Eau*. The combined enterprise of its publishers, printers, binder, and editor would seem, however, to have been inspired by the idea of making it pass for a French version of an English book. Its paper covers, its title-pages, its broad margins, and its narrow page, are French to the last degree; while the aim of the translator has evidently been to introduce French effects into English prose—to the not uncommon end that, instead of mastering the original, it has mastered her. The consequence is that page after page abounds with *gaucheries*—the ghosts in English ceremonies of M. de Maupassant's brilliant sallies—and that, instead of his appearing in the true character he is, an experienced writer, he comes before the uninitiated as a fop of letters. We remember a translation of Arsène Houssaye's rather bedizened eighteenth-century essays, which made an impression on us not dissimilar to this. The fact is, what is called the *style coupé* cannot be too warily attempted, and even in a master's hands is never tolerable for long; but when, as in this translation, we get its counterfeit presentment in more or less two hundred and fifty pages, our taste, even for the original, is gone. A number of excellent illustrations by Riou, depicting the scenes through which M. de Maupassant passed when recording what he called his "journal of day-dreams," have been imported into the volume.

Times and Days; being Essays in Romance and History (Longmans, Green, & Co.) A writer who produces some hundred

(1) *Les causeurs de la révolution*. Par V. du Bled. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(2) *Autour de Molière*. Par A. Baluffe. Paris: Plon.

and fifty essays, few of which exceed much more than a page in length, and fewer of which rise above the level of an elongated truism, has clearly excellent reasons for avoiding all responsibility in such an undertaking by the suppression of his name. These one-page effusions are really nothing more than experiments in description and reflection; they read like a weak version of what we have always considered a weak and mistaken work—namely, Hawthorne's *Note Books*. The writer has a certain ease of expression, but it is of the lazy, armchair order. Moreover, in his attempts to be familiar he is apt to be vulgar. He says of "A fine Lady" that she understands as much of country life "as a cow would understand Cheapside."

Miss Caroline Gearey writes pleasantly in *In Other Lands* (Digby & Long), but is too frequently subject to that confession of weakness which characterizes some ladies' correspondence—italics—and is apt to moralize on subjects scarce worth the pains. In her first chapter, devoted to "The Humorous Side of Travel," she stops to say "Evidently the fleas do not enter into our British exclusiveness, for they are on terms with everybody. What little things—ah, what emphatically little things!—destroy our comfort." She has much to say of Spain and the Spaniards, the Riviera, and some cities of Italy, of Austria, and Piedmont; but the details in which she indulges and the confidences she imparts are suspiciously like such as only find their way into letters to relations or familiar friends. Miss Gearey is observant, and sometimes really apt at description; but her grammar is not to be trusted. Indeed, she would do wisely, should she project another book, to take counsel with a literary expert.

The Life and Letters of William Fleming Stevenson, D.D. (Thomas Nelson & Sons), may be recommended as the record of an active missionary, liberal in his views, tenacious of the high purpose at which he aimed, and sympathetic to a rare degree. Dr. Stevenson was born in 1832 at Strabane, County Tyrone, where at an early age he took an active part in all that concerned religion. He studied at Glasgow University, and afterwards at Berlin and Heidelberg, at which latter places he enjoyed the friendship of many eminent German theologians. His letters from Germany are of special interest, containing as they do much information relating to the student life and to the literature and religious movements in that country. His earnestness and love of study may be gauged by the following passage from a letter to his sister:—"This student's life is fearfully hard work—little sleep, long quick walks, and close, continuous, never-ending study. Some one says a student should sleep three hours and study seventeen. I go as near to this as I can without injury to my eyes." The rapidity with which he acquired German was quite remarkable; in scarcely a month he could read *Faust* with comparative ease. His mission work among the poor of Belfast, his labours at Bonn, and his visit to Holland in themselves constitute a series of good deeds. He was an active contributor to contemporary literature, and took part in most of the religious Conferences of the day. His foreign mission, covering a period of fifteen years, included visits to India, China, Japan, and Egypt, and is interestingly recorded in letters to his relations and friends. He died suddenly, at the age of fifty-three.

Mr. Edward Smith's *Foreign Visitors to England* (Elliot Stock) is a compilation of thoughts, impressions, and opinions of various foreigners, distinguished and otherwise, concerning the much-envied inhabitants of this kingdom. The ground he covers shows careful, even laborious, research; but in an undertaking of the kind such names as those of Heine and Philarrète Chasles should surely find a prominent place. Yet of these students of English life—the one prejudiced and at times superficial, the other sympathetic and highly observant—Mr. Smith has not a word to say. True, his book is small, and does not pretend to be exhaustive; but, as the bibliography of his subject extends to some four hundred items, at least reference might have been made to such notable critics as these. Some of the comments upon us which he records are exceedingly amusing, and in many cases well deserved; yet it is curious, with all their insight, how few of the commentators fully realize how little the English people heed the opinions of other nationalities. In dealing with the subject of our countrywomen criticism seems to be in most cases completely disarmed, the want of appreciation of women attributed by some writers to Englishmen being more than atoned for by the gallantry of our foreign visitors.

We have received *Longmans' School Arithmetic*, by F. E. Marshall and T. W. Welsford (Longmans); *The Schoolmaster's Calendar and Handbook for Examinations and Open Scholarships* (George Bell & Sons); *Well Out of It; or, Six Days in the Life of a Teacher*, by John Habberton (George Routledge & Sons); *The London Bridge Diary for 1889* (Chas. Straker & Sons); and the fourth improved edition of Dr. Krause's *Deutsche Grammatik für Ausländer jeder Nationalität*, remodelled by Dr. Karl Neger (Trübner & Co.)

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